A WAYFARER IN BAVARIA

ANNE ST. BARBE BAKER

Harper

SO YOU'RE GOING TO GERMANY AND AUSTRIA!

By Clara E. Laughlin

In the summer of 1929, Miss Laughlin traveled by motor five thousand miles in Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Hungary, adding the newest and most up-to-date information to the store of material for this new book. Nowhere else in the bounds of a small and handy volume can the traveler find so accurate and comprehensive and at the same time so sprightly and readable a guide. Miss Laughlin regards the ideal tourist journey as one skillfully blended of movement, of fresh, quick impressions, and of leisurely stays where the 'feeding' is richest for your special hunger — whether that hunger be for rest or for inspiration, for shopping or for sports, for museums or for restaurants, for meditation or for dancing. She has sought to let the traveler know in advance of his going where the spots are in which he may like to linger and which places can be seen in a short time. Her book is a delightful aid to first acquaintance or re-acquaintance with Germany and Austria, and also includes excursions to Czechoslovakia and Hungary.

Illustrated

From England
Aschaffenburg
Schweinfurt
Main
Coburg
Bamberg
Würzburg
Tauber
Aisch
Fürth
NÜRNBE
BADEN
Rothenburg
Ansbach
Schwabach
Neumark
Gunzenhsn
Weissenburg
B
A
Eichstät
Ingolstadt
Neuburg
Danube
Lech
Scale of Miles
0 2 4 6 8 10
From Paris
Ulm
Günzburg
AUGSBURG
Wertach
Amper
WÜRTTEMBERG
Memmingen
Ammer-See
Starnbergersee
Kempten
Staffl See
Murnau
Ammer
Lake Constance
Lindau
Immenstadt
Füssen
Oberammergau
Walchensee
Lindeshof
Bregenz
Sonthofen
Höhenschwangen
Eibsee
Garmisch
Partenkirchen
Reutte
Zug Spitze
Oberstdorf
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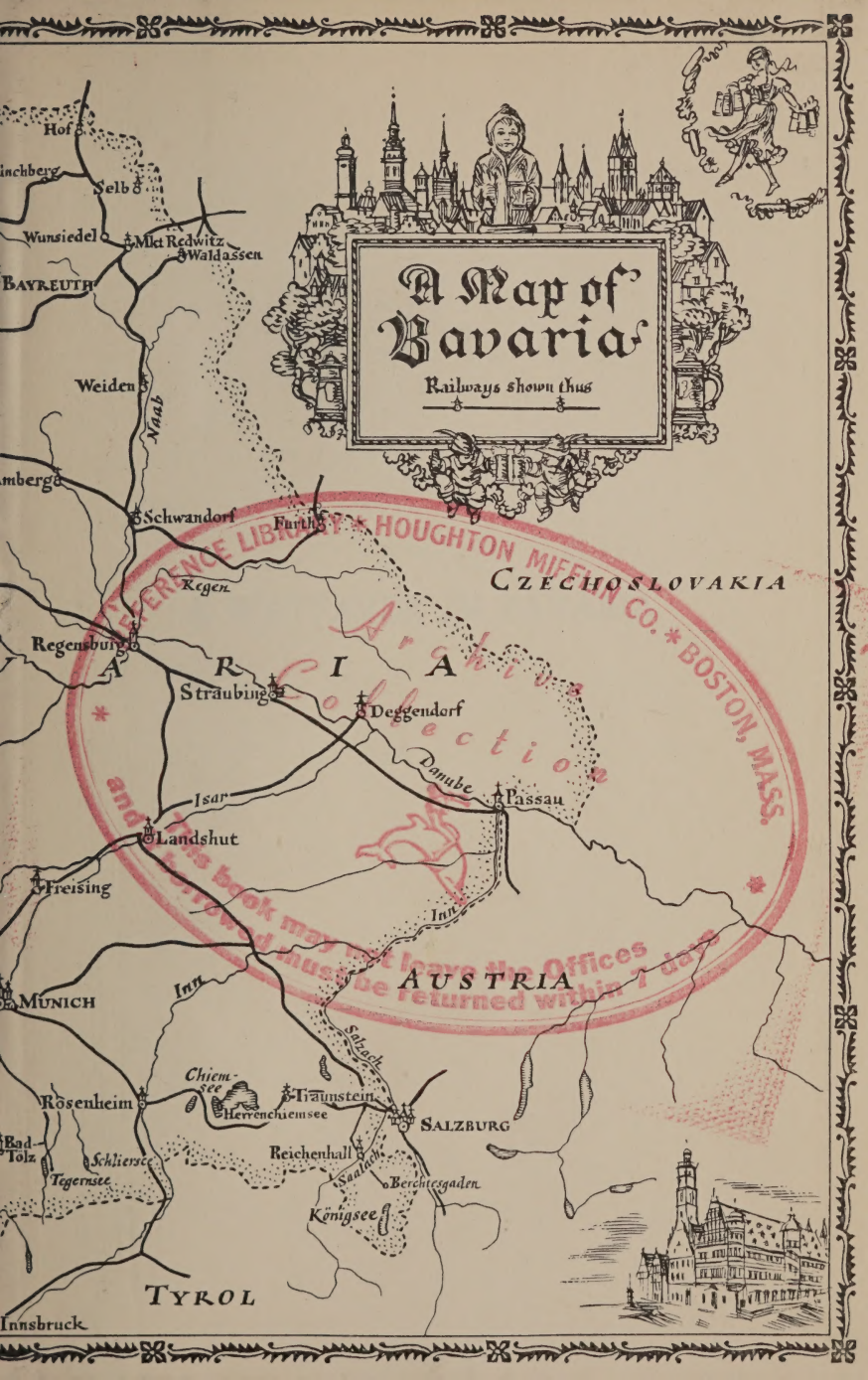
A Map of Bavaria
Railways shown thus
Hof
Selb
Wunsiedel
Mitt Redwitz
Waldassen
BAYREUTH
Weiden
Naab
Schwandorf
Furth
Regen
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
Regensburg
Straubing
Deggendorf
Danube
Passau
Isar
Landshut
Freising
Inn
MUNICH
AUSTRIA
Salzach
Chiemsee
Traunstein
Rosenheim
Herrenchiemsee
SALZBURG
Bad Tölz
Schliersee
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A WAYFARER IN BAVARIA

THE KÖNIGSSEE

A WAYFARER IN BAVARIA

BY

SUZANNE ST. BARBE BAKER

WITH TWENTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP

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TO

MY BOY AND GIRL

BOB AND PEGGY

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A WAYFARER IN BAVARIA

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CHAPTER I

THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE

ONE of the nicest things in life is to plan a holiday, and judging from my experience, anticipation is half the pleasure.

To have time and leisure to pick and choose, to select and discard from the map of the world countries and places we want to see, or see again, is a great pastime and a wonderful stimulant. To weigh the pros and cons, whether we should go to such and such a country, or whether we should return to a place either because we liked it so much, or because we want to know it better, is a holiday in itself. The mind travels faster than aeroplanes, motor-cars, express trains or liners, and we are transplanted for the time being, just where we long to be.

It may be the glaciers and mountain-lakes of Switzerland, the green pastureland of Holland, the gay *plage* of some seaside resort in France or Belgium, the Riviera, Italy or Spain, or it may be one of the many interesting cities on the Continent that is

reflected in our minds. The more subjects we have to choose from, the greater the pleasure in answering the question: 'Where shall we go?'

Perhaps the more we have travelled and seen of the world, the more difficult it will be to find an answer; but how much keener then the interest, still to be able to find something new, something out of the ordinary—not only for the wealthy, but also for us who are handicapped by limited incomes and limited vacations.

The Continent, which has always lured English people, has become smaller since many places have lost their pre-war charms; yet there are some regions and countries left, practically untouched by travelling and touring agencies. There still are countries where you have not the impression on the day of your arrival that you and your fellow-travellers form the livelihood of the entire population from the page-boy upwards. One of these countries is Bavaria.

What is it that you want for your holiday? Do you want scenery, mountains, lakes, forests? Bavaria will provide these in abundance. Or do you want to see towns, with theatres, operas and concerts, with wonderful monuments, art galleries full of priceless treasures, where you encounter history at every step? Bavaria has them in store for you. Do you prefer the small towns, full of the romance of the Middle Ages, the smart watering-places where you can be an invalid taking the waters during the day and dance in the evenings? Bavaria offers them, and a good few of them. Or are you a mountain climber, or enthusiastic about winter sports? You will find every oppor-

tunity in Bavaria. You can sail on her many beautiful lakes and motor, cycle or walk on her excellent roads. You can meet crowds of people, or remain alone. Bavaria will fulfil all your expectations.

You will like her population, every class of it, from the conductor on the train to the highest official and down to the peasant in the small village. They are a civil, kind-hearted, good-tempered, honest people. They are not greedy, and they have a wonderful sense of humour. I am certain you will scarcely ever see a face without a smile.

The Bavarians are not pedantic, not wrangling, nor have they the abrupt, curt way of speaking of the northern Germans. Their language is much softer and more melodious. It is practically the same dialect as Austrian. I should really not say dialect, lest you think they might not understand you. I would rather call it a brogue.

The Bavarian is a happy-go-lucky fellow, with a touch of the German's thoroughness—more temperamental and less reserved than the latter, yet just as reliable. He has a keen sense of wit, and even the lower classes or the uneducated peasants are very quick in repartee. Bavarians are great lovers of nature, a bit conceited perhaps as far as the beauty of their own country is concerned. If one were to 'brew' a Bavarian, the following recipe would produce about the right result: Take all the good qualities from the Austrians and Swiss, add a touch of German, and season with a little Irish temperament and the light-heartedness of the French.

I have always found it very useful to have a general

idea of the history of a country which I planned to visit. A little knowledge of its origin, development, important rulers and decisive events, its relations with the rest of the world, is really imperative. It enables us to devote our time to seeing only, whereas if we arrive there unprepared, many precious moments will be lost.

During our visit to towns like Munich, Nürnberg and Augsburg we shall come across many monuments and pictures representing events in Bavaria's history, hear names and see inscriptions on buildings, castles and churches of historic interest. Would it not be a pity to waste time in making investigations on the spot, instead of having a foreknowledge, a foundation for the actual impressions? I have tried to give a short exposé of Bavaria's history in one of the chapters of this book. This chapter is, of course, not essential to the visitor to a Bavarian health resort or to those who contemplate a walking tour in the mountains. But for those who intend to study the country from every angle, I hope it may provide a starting-point.

Something, however short, should be said about the architecture and styles of buildings we are likely to encounter. Bavaria as a part of Germany shares its 'Gothic' art. In centuries gone by only the art of the Italian Renaissance was acknowledged as beautiful, and when Germany emancipated herself and started a new style, the Italians ironically called it 'Gothic', as if to say 'Barbarian'. But this style, which really originated in France and was subsequently revised in Germany, is to-day recognized as one of the most beautiful styles of architecture. Gothic never fails to

fascinate us by the perfect harmony of its proportions and the mysterious charm attached to it. There are two distinct kinds of Gothic. Buildings were constructed in sandstone, which was hewn into square blocks and afterwards chiselled; or, where no quarries existed in the neighbourhood, architects were compelled to rely on bricks as building material. This produced a sort of subdivision in the Gothic style, but fortunately the Brick-Gothic is more or less limited to towns in the north of Germany and we shall find little of it in Bavaria. I do not like the smooth red walls with the white lines produced by mortar and the cast ornaments, however perfect the outlines may be; such a building rarely has the ' cachet ' of distinction.

The influence of the Italian Renaissance was very strong at the beginning of the sixteenth century, but it did not bring about a revolution in style. It only altered the taste of people and their view of life. Churches were everywhere in existence, and the fundamental style remained. The new note was merely expressed in the construction and ornamentation of altars, tombs, etc. As a rule everything was enlarged and embellished under the influence of the Renaissance—courtyards on the lines of the Italian *palazzi* were made and surrounded by arcades, pillars were adorned by decorations and reliefs generally depicting subjects from mythology. This new influence came from two countries, Italy and Holland, and the geographical position of Germany made her receptive to these new ideas. The south, connected with Italy by the road through Nürnberg and Augsburg, was more subject to the Italian influence; the north succumbed

to Dutch ideas. Italian taste asserted itself strongly in the transformation of the palaces of many southern German Princes from strongholds into sumptuous apartments.

The example set by Louis XIV produced a further marked change, and the Royal Castle in Versailles with its endless suites of gorgeous rooms, the immense park with its straight and wide avenues, statues and fountains, soon found envious imitators and opened the way for the later period of Baroque and Rococo. The greatest architect of this period in Munich was Klenze, whose creations we shall later admire.

CHAPTER II

HOW TO GET TO BAVARIA

ON the map Bavaria may be compared to a peninsula. Attached on the north, north-west and west to her mother-country, Germany, other nations surround her on three sides like the sea. Due south-west, the Lake of Constance or the Lacus Brigantinum forms a complicated frontier between Bavaria, Switzerland and Austria, and Bavaria's share is the little bit of its eastern shore with the attractive Lindau situated on an island in the lake.

The frontier dividing the portion of this lake from the Bavarian segment is not very far south of Lindau; then it crawls along the mountain ranges of the Allgäuer Alps, just gathering in the Zugspitze in the Karwendel; from there it passes almost due east as far as Kufstein, and after a little turn north, runs east and south-east again in the direction of the Königsee; from there due north, missing Salzburg by a few miles. The frontier then goes straight north to Passau, where it meets the Danube, so that part of this wonderful stream west of Passau is in Bavarian territory. From Passau it runs a little south-east along

the Danube as far as Engelhartszell, and then almost due north along the western boundary of Czecho-Slovakia, passing Fürth up to Hof, where it joins Thuringia.

When one enters Bavaria from the north, i.e., from any of her boundaries on the German side, either Württemberg or Baden, even from Frankfurt or the Black Forest, it is very difficult to state with accuracy whether one is still in one of these countries or actually in Bavaria, unless one is a connoisseur of every nuance in the German intonation—or perhaps in the conductors' uniforms. Württemberg, Hessen or Baden gently melt into Bavaria. They are like interim stages to prepare you for the great contrast between the north and south of Germany.

The best and quickest routes from England are via Harwich, the Hook or Flushing, Cologne, Karlsruhe, Stuttgart, or via Dover, Ostend, Cologne, Frankfurt, Nürnberg. However, for tourists who can afford to avoid a long sea journey, and who might wish incidentally to break their journey in Paris, there is an ideal train called the Orient Express, running three times a week, which being a *train de luxe*, carrying first-class carriages only, and making sleepers compulsory, has to justify the stiff fare, and shortens the journey considerably. But as I presume that all wayfarers to Bavaria may not make England their starting-point and might wish to visit the country, for instance, on their way home from Switzerland, Austria, or Italy, I must point out that there are very good trains from all surrounding countries, direct carriages from Vienna to Munich via Salzburg or

Innsbruck, from Milan via the Brenner, from Bâle and Zurich—in short, from almost every corner of the Continent.

A knowledge of German is of course very useful, but not essential, as in almost every hotel there is an English-speaking porter or reception clerk. The dining-car stewards all speak English, or at least French, and signs will always pull you through. Also in cases of emergency you will generally find an interpreter at the main station, and should he just have gone to lunch or tea, you can count on at least one Thos. Cook & Son's man in his cylindrical blue cap. A real wayfarer is not advised to book his fare farther than, let us say, Munich or Nürnberg, whichever starting-point he may choose. In my experience there is nothing more tiresome than being tied to a route mapped out by a travelling agency. You may have decided to follow your ticket to the most minute detail—and yet other towns and sites may suddenly interest you, and you will miss them because your ticket doesn't include them. And I am personally against taking a return ticket. Who knows if you would wish to come back by the route which appeared attractive to you before setting out for the journey?

Luggage? Take plenty and everything you may want—but pack cleverly, and do not pack each suit in a different case, or a monster trunk, which will not only cost you a lot in transportation fees, but which will bother you, should you wish to travel part of the way by motor. I have always found two large suit-cases and a Gladstone bag quite sufficient; they

hold enough changes for five or six weeks, even taking evening clothes into consideration. If you are addicted to any kind of sport, do not leave the necessary equipment behind. Take your tennis-racket and golf-clubs in summer, your skates and skis in winter. You may not use them, but supposing you have the opportunity, would it not very much annoy you if you could not avail yourself of it? I remember once leaving my tennis kit in London when I went for a few weeks to Austria, and actually at the place where I was staying there was a tournament on. All my friends entered and I had to sit and watch, as although I might have borrowed a racket, it probably would not have suited me. I did not like to appear in someone else's clothes, and this particular hotel was miles away from any shops. It absolutely spoilt all the fun.

I assume that we have selected the route via Harwich, Hook or Flushing, on account of its comfort. We shall still have to choose our train, and the choice depends entirely on our whim as to where we want to be the one night that has to be spent in transit—in the train or on board ship. In the former case we start at 10 a.m. from Liverpool Street and arrive in Munich at 13.10 the next day, taking twenty-seven hours; in the latter case starting at 20.15 and travelling via Frankfurt-Würzburg through delightful country, we arrive at 21.40 after a journey of only twenty-five and a half hours. There is, however, a splendid train, the Rheingold Express, also leaving at 20.15 from Liverpool Street, which takes twenty-five and a half hours. The difference in

the fare is not very great, and the very name of the train has an inspiring effect; also it runs through such a lovely part of the country—all along the Rhine, past Cologne, Coblenz, and Karlsruhe, where a change is necessary. I am convinced that the six hours on board will have given us enough rest to sit up and take notice when passing these nice places, and we shall arrive less tired in Munich than had we had a night in the train. We shall go by the Rheingold Express!

There is another route via Dover-Ostend, leaving Victoria at 9.45 a.m. and arriving in Nürnberg the next morning at about 8 a.m., or in Munich at 13.10. This would enable us, should we feel inclined, to break the journey in Brussels and spend twenty-four hours in visiting this beautiful capital.

The station in Munich is like all continental stations, and might be anywhere, and as we have previously selected our hotel and booked rooms in advance, all there is left to do is to have a good night's rest, and hope that St. Peter will be kind and let us have our first real glance at Munich in fine weather.

CHAPTER III

STORY OF THE NATION

English missionaries in Bavaria—Invasion of the Hungarians —The Prince Electors and the conflict of two kings—The earthquake and massacres—The Reformation—Prosperity of the Middle Ages—The French influence—Austrian occupation —Napoleon—Bavaria becomes a kingdom—The fall of Napoleon—Maximilian and Ludwig I—The War of 1870 —The Prince Regent and the last of the Wittelsbachers.

UNDER Augustus the country which then formed part of Rhætia, Vindelicia, and Noricum was inhabited by a Celtic people called the Boii, and was therefore known as Boiaria, the etymon of Bavaria. After the fall of the Roman Empire, the Bavarians were governed by chieftains of their own until the era of Charlemagne (742-814), who conquered the whole of Germany, including Bavaria.

It was in his reign that the first English wayfarer came to Bavaria. Wynfrith, or, as he was later called, Boniface, was born at Kirton and joined the order of St. Benedict in order to become a missionary. First of all, with several other monks, he went to Rome; after he had been made a bishop in 722 by Pope Gregorius, he was sent into Germany as chief missionary. He was also entrusted with the task of

dividing Bavaria into episcopal provinces, a task which he completed and which laid the foundation of the important position the Church has ever since held in Bavaria. Boniface founded many monasteries in Bavaria, but being of a somewhat restless disposition, soon wandered to new fields of activity, and was eventually killed in a skirmish. He was buried in his favourite monastery at Fulda, and became Bavaria's patron saint.

After the death of Charlemagne, Bavaria was governed by one of his many grandsons, whose successors were given the title of Margrave; they reigned in Bavaria, but were vassals to the kings, and, later on, to the emperors, of Germany. The Margraves were raised to the rank of dukes in 920, after the first invasion of the Hungarians.

In 955 the Huns (ancestors of the Hungarians, and not of the Germans as the nick-name given to the latter during the war would infer) followed up the course of the Danube and broke into Bavaria. They raged through the whole country from east to west. Without resistance they reached Augsburg, which they besieged; and it was only in the fierce battle on the wide plains between the Rivers Wertach and Lech on the 10th August, 955, that they were beaten and driven out of Bavaria.

In spite of the continual danger of invasion by neighbouring countries and the belligerent spirit of the population, the people were by degrees disciplined; and it is thanks to the influence of Rome and the bishops that the country materially improved. The seven 'free' sciences were taught in the convent

schools, and some of the beautiful castles were built at that time.

As the Bavarians were very fervent Catholics, they participated in all the Crusades, and sacrificed a large portion of their population for the cause of Jerusalem.

After the second Crusade in 1146, Frederick Barbarossa, ruler of Germany, crossed Bavaria and the Alps to be crowned by the Pope as German Emperor. He was, apart from being a rather romantic figure, a very ambitious prince, far from satisfied with the honour Pope Hadrian IV conferred upon him. Wishing to be independent of the Church, he went to war against Italy. The sequel of this foolish action was that he and his followers, the Bishops of Regensburg, Passau, Augsburg, and Freising, were excommunicated. Barbarossa lost his life in the third Crusade, and up to the end of the twelfth century Bavaria was involved in perpetual wars and strifes.

Owing to the death of Henry VII in 1313 the German throne was vacant, and the competition for the Empire amongst the princes of Germany was very great. After many struggles, two of the various parties remained victorious, and finally two princes were selected: Ludwig of Bavaria and Frederick the Beautiful of Austria. Both were crowned on 25th November, 1313, in different towns of Germany. The former was invested with great pomp at Frankfurt and the latter at Bonn, sitting on an improvised throne made of a barrel. This rivalry resulted in an invasion of Bavaria by the Austrians and the subsequent devastation of the country. Ludwig, seeing

Bavaria in such a plight as the result of his election, was willing to abdicate rather than involve his country in disaster. The loyal Bavarian nobles prevented him, however, from resigning, and persuaded him to meet the enemy at Mühldorf in 1319. By camouflaging a part of his own army as Austrian soldiers, such confusion was caused in the ranks of his opponent that Ludwig succeeded in defeating him and even in taking him prisoner.

Ludwig's victory was, however, not of long duration. The procedure as set out by the Pope for the election of an emperor of Germany had been disregarded. The various Prince Electors appointed by the Pope had not agreed in their choice and had refused to vote for Ludwig, and the Pontiff therefore declined to recognize him as Emperor, and objected to the coronation at Frankfurt which had taken place without his sanction. By stirring up trouble with France the Pope forced Ludwig into an alliance with his captive, and even with the Prince Elector of Brandenburg, who was his most bitter opponent. Before being able to derive any benefit or to suffer any humiliation from these alliances, Ludwig died.

The terrific earthquake in 1348, which shook the whole of Central Europe for forty days, when the panic-stricken population fled from burning towns, and the arrival of the plague which had been imported by merchants from the Orient via Italy, gave sufficient grounds for suspicion to a people by nature very superstitious. The Jews were made the scapegoats for all the misery, and terrible pogroms broke out in the Bavarian cities. Munich, Augsburg, Regensburg were

the theatres of massacres and cruelties. The population was more and more incited to these butcheries by wandering monks (Bettelmönche), who spread accusations against the Jews over the whole country. Further wars broke out; often the causes were only trivial.

It was in 1414, in the early days of the Reformation, that the first continental apostle of the new creed, Johann Huss, was burnt at the stake at Constance, sentenced by a Council of bishops and Bavarian nobles.

The following sixty years were full of quarrels and feuds until, under the reign of George, Bavaria relaxed into a short era of peace and prosperity. This was due to the wisdom of his government and to his improvements on many lines. He did a great deal for the safety of commerce and the encouragement of trade, although not entirely out of altruism, as the increased duties and taxes greatly benefited his private income.

At the Frankfurt Election and the subsequent Congresses at Worms and Augsburg it was decided to divide the whole of Germany into ten counties. To Bavaria were allotted many towns up till then under different rule. This arrangement held good, with small modifications, until 1803.

The peaceful era at the end of the fifteenth century was most productive in art and inventions. Albrecht Dürer was born on the 21st May, 1471, at Nürnberg. Hans Sachs, the poet, was living at the same period. Towns like Nürnberg and Augsburg flourished and were famous for their patronage of men of intellect and skill. Thanks to the invention of Gutenberg,

twenty-four printing presses were operated in Bavaria, and in 1482 the first optician opened his shop on the market square of Nürnberg. The first clock was striking every quarter on the town hall of Nürnberg, and the new century was greeted with the invention of the watch by Peter Henlein. On account of their curious shape, the first watches were called ' Nürnberg Eggs '.

Art, music and architecture were in full bloom. Of the buildings erected at this time, I shall speak later on, but I would like to point out that as early as 1450 Munich was already the home of many painters, and the patricians of Augsburg were the promoters of the art of engraving on metal (embossing), which was mostly done on armour, chalices and other articles. The art of illuminating books was highly developed in the convents and monasteries, where also the painting of miniatures had been started. Wonderful tapestries were embroidered at this time, and etchers and wood-carvers produced beautiful works of art. The author of the *Parsifal Saga*, Wolfram von Eschenbach, derives his name from his little native town of Eschenbach near Ansbach, and the gentry of Augsburg, Nürnberg and Regensburg started singing schools in about 1450. Nürnberg possessed the first Meistersinger school under the direction of Hans Sachs. The first Bavarian University was founded in 1472 at Ingolstadt ' for the use and benefit of needy and poor pupils '.

The Bavarian farmer was much better off than the landowner, commerce was at its best—and yet discontentment was brewing everywhere against the tolls, the taxes, the fact that trade was gradually ousting

handicraft, and the increase in the cost of living. Luther's word ' Liberty ', entirely misunderstood by the lower classes, aggravated the situation. One could almost think that the Reformation and the Peasant War in 1525, which shook the whole of Germany from the Alps to the Elbe, went hand in hand.

The most important event of the seventeenth century is the Thirty Years War (1618-48), which was entirely a religious war. Bavaria entered it merely to protect the interests of the Catholics. It was guerrilla warfare mainly, and from the Lech to the Isar, towns, villages, castles and cottages stood in flames. Often the enemy was at a loss to find something to destroy or burn down; and the plague, of course, did the rest to aggravate the sufferings of the people. Peace was signed in 1648, and Maximilian, the Prince Elector and reigning Duke, was the first to lay down arms.

His successors continued to be faithful members of the Germanic Empire and allies of Austria until Max Emanuel, in 1671, sided with France on account of his claim upon the Austrian throne. He attacked Austria and defeated her at Höchstädt, but the Duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim on the 13th August, 1704, over the allied Bavarian and French Armies under the command of Tallard, drove him into exile in Flanders. For ten years from this date Bavaria was governed by an imperial commission which, although it had left Max Emanuel's wife in possession of Munich, exercised a strict control by appointing an Austrian Governor-General. The peace of Baden in 1714 reinstated Max Emanuel in his dominions.

He was succeeded in 1726 by his son Karl Albert

who, untaught by the previous disasters, renewed the alliance with France, and in 1740, on the death of the German Emperor, obtained the majority of the electors to support his claim upon the imperial crown. He invaded a large part of Austria, but his success was not of long duration, as the Armies of Maria Theresia marched into Bavaria and occupied nearly all her important towns. The elector died shortly after, and his successor, Max Joseph III, recovered his dominions by solemnly renouncing all of his claims in the treaty of Füssen.

Until 1777 Bavaria remained tranquil, and Karl Theodor, the ruler of this epoch, had every opportunity of carrying out vast improvements. He was a keen lover of the fine arts and did a great deal towards their development. The theatre was one of his favourite pastimes. However, Austria unexpectedly laid claim to the Bavarian throne and again occupied part of the country. For the first time during the past centuries Prussia intervened in favour of Bavaria, and Frederick II of Prussia induced Austria to renounce the claim against territorial compensation, which consisted of the country on the banks of the River Inn.

The next Bavarian ruler, Maximilian Joseph, was a good monarch and a true friend of the people. He joined the Coalition between Russia, Austria, England, Naples and Turkey against France, and was obliged to furnish a contingent of troops in 1793. The ' petit Caporal Bonaparte ' had been made first Consul of the French Republic, and in 1796 a powerful army was dispatched under Moreau to devastate Bavaria and to take possession of Munich. Bavaria was forced to sign

a separate peace with France and to withdraw her troops from the league. She was rewarded with new territories in the peace treaty of Lunéville, which were subsequently increased when the united French and Bavarian Armies were victorious at Hohenlinden in 1800 against the Austrians.

Bavaria was now made into a kingdom, and Napoleon showered favours on his new ally. He arranged the marriage of Beauharnais to Maximilian's daughter, and so added another tie to keep the father on his side. Bavaria continued to support France and was therefore attacked by Austria, who had raised an army of half a million men. Napoleon at this time had enforced the blockade of the entire coast of Central Europe in order to harm England, and it was by the instigation of the latter that the Austrians invaded Bavaria. They had, however, soon to evacuate the country when Napoleon appeared on the scene; and when he proceeded in quick march to Vienna, Austria was subjected to the humiliation of having to sign the peace of Schönbrunn in 1809. By this treaty she lost nearly the whole of the Tyrol to Bavaria.

But the Tyrol was not willing to submit to the Bavarian Government. It was subdued only after heroic battles and the capture and execution of their national hero, Andreas Hofer. In Napoleon's disastrous Russian Campaign many Bavarians perished, and it may be this fact which made her veer round to join the Allies and take part in the battle of Leipzig 1813, assisting in Napoleon's temporary defeat. During the Congress of Vienna, when, under the guidance of Metternich, the diplomats of many nations

were doing their utmost to outwit one another, Napoleon escaped from Elba, to meet the definite end of his career in 1815 at the battle of Waterloo.

In 1818 Maximilian presented his country with a constitution which was not entirely satisfactory, as he tried to combine political independence with the maintenance of kingly power. Several beneficial measures were, however, effected, such as the abolition of serfdom.

He was succeeded in 1825 by his son, Ludwig I, who was a great promoter of the fine arts, but politically rather incapable. He abdicated during the disturbances of 1848, which are said to have been aggravated by the King's friendship with Lola Montez, the Spanish dancer. The reign of his son Maximilian, who succeeded, is marked by the insurrection of the democratic party in Westphalia, which was quelled only by the co-operation of Prussia. The punishment of the rebels is said to have been so brutally inflicted that these trials were called the bloody assizes. A reaction against the Liberals set in and most of the political gains were lost. In 1864 Ludwig II succeeded his father, Maximilian. Remaining outside the Schleswig-Holstein question, he threw in his lot with the Austrians when Prussia defeated them at Königrätz in 1866, and gained Silesia. The end of the Austrian hegemony had been the main object of Prussian politics under the guidance of Bismarck.

After the withdrawal of Austria from the German confederation, the Bavarian Government changed its policy and approached Prussia in a more amicable way. A secret treaty was signed, and when France

declared war on the 22nd July, 1870, Bavaria supplied two army corps; in fact she sacrificed one tenth of her population to assist her new ally. Ludwig II reigned only until 1886, and committed suicide after a medical council had declared him insane; the government was taken over by the Prince Regent Luitpold, who had already acted on previous occasions as Bavaria's royal representative, when Ludwig II in his peculiar moods had refused to fulfil his engagements. He was nominally succeeded by his brother Otto, who, being likewise insane, never took up the reins of office; insanity was an hereditary misfortune in the Wittelsbacher dynasty. After his death and the death of the Prince Regent, there being no direct heirs, the son of the latter, Ludwig, became King of Bavaria but had to abdicate in 1918 when Germany, including all her affiliated provinces, became a Republic.

The last of the Wittelsbachers is Crown Prince Ruprecht who ranks amongst the many 'ex-kings'[1] which the European upheaval has created.

[1] Although never officially king, this is the title he adopted and which is given to him by the Monarchist Party in Bavaria.

CHAPTER IV

THE MUNICH OF YESTERDAY

Origin of the town—Expansion—Munich's Medicean era—Ludwig I and buildings erected under his reign—The Royal Palace — The Frauenkirche — The two town halls — The Gallery in the Pinakothek — The Glyptothek — The States Gallery—The Basilica.

NOW that we have reached Munich, I am sure that you will want to know something about its history. Its origin was the Villa Munichen or *Forum of Monachos*, named from the monkish owners of the region. It might have remained a modest village—and one can easily imagine what a village was like in 1157—had it not been for Henry the Lion. Otto Wittelsbach, Bishop of Freising, claimed a part of the tolls levied from the salt transports from Reichenhall and Berchtesgaden, and King Henry refused to grant this. To cut short any possible trouble resulting from his refusal, he destroyed the market-place Fähring and shifted the bridge farther up the Isar to the village belonging to the monks. Since this time Munich's coat of arms has always been the little brown monk you can see everywhere, even on the beer tankards.

The new settlement thrived and prospered as a centre for the salt trade, and in 1158 Henry the Lion established its mint. It was, in comparison with the present city, small in area. It extended from the present old town hall in the east to the Färbergraben in the west, touched the junction of the Weinstrasse and Schäfflerstrasse in the north, and ended at the Rosenthal in the south. The first church was St. Peter's. In spite of recriminations and complaints of the Bishop, the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa confirmed the founding of this new trading centre at the Congress of Augsburg, and the document relating thereto can be seen in the Reichsarchiv in Munich. As early as 1294 Munich had a Council of twelve members who had the privilege of the Seal.

About 1300 the second circle of the town walls was begun, beyond which Munich did not extend until the beginning of the nineteenth century. These town walls extended from the Isartor through the Blumenstrasse to the Karlstor, round the Royal Palace and through the Herrenstrasse back to the Isartor. This territory is now about the thirtieth part of Munich, and it seems almost incredible that the rest of this wonderful town has been built by human hands in such a short space of time.

About 1550 is the beginning of the Medicean era for Munich, when Albrecht V founded some of the world-famous collections—this incident is beautifully depicted in Julius Köchert's painting in the old National Museum at Munich. He also founded the Court Library, by buying up the rich collection from Hartman Schedels, the Oriental collection of books

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from the Austrian Chancellor, Widmannstetter, as well as the collection of Greek Manuscripts of the Patrician Johann Jakob Fugger, who was the King's Chamberlain. The Mint, the Pinakothek and the Royal Treasury are bearing witness of Albrecht's artistic mind. It was also at this time when many buildings were ornamented with fresco paintings, and the most prominent artist of this period was Christoph Schwarz, a native of Bavaria.

The next remarkable art-boom was under Ludwig I, whose son became King of Greece. When he was eighteen years of age he already collected antiques, and when he was twenty-four he drew the first plans for the Glyptothek, and was laughed at by the court circles for trying to convert ' the Bavarian beer barrels into Greek Heroes '. Nevertheless when he was thirty the building had been started. All famous sculptors and painters of this period were appreciated by him. Here are a few of the buildings constructed in his time: the Glyptothek, the Hoftheater, the old Pinakothek, the Palace, the Odeon, the Allerheiligenhof Kirche, the Propyläen—all built by Klenze, whereas Gärtner created the Ludwigskirche, the Georgianum, the University, and many more.

I think we may as well make a start and plan how to see these wonderful things. I do not mean a sight-seeing rush, but it would be a pity to overlook something because we did not know it existed.

I want to start with the Palace, out of courtesy to its royal designer. It is a block of buildings, which date from different periods, covering three entire centuries (1600-1900) in different styles from early

Renaissance to Baroque, Rococo and Empire, and is situated on the corner of the Residenzstrasse and the Hofgarten. The Staatstheater is joined to it. At the end of the fourteenth century the east wing formed the heart of the building, but was destroyed by fire. Of the adjoining buildings in early Renaissance, there is only the Antiquarium left. In 1550 the part from which the Grottenhof really originates was added and extended as far as the present Residenzstrasse. The old Residency, a masterpiece of late Renaissance, was erected in the years 1597-1619. Its front is adorned in painted ' camouflage ' architecture and faces the Residenzstrasse. It has two remarkable Baroque porticoes in red marble. Between these is a niche with a bronze Madonna statue (Patrona Bavariae). This and the allegoric figures on the portal are by Hans Krumper, and the brazen lions at the sides are Hubert Gerhard's work. The Pope's rooms are in pompous Baroque, and when most of the Palace had to be restored after a fire in 1729 the ' Rich Rooms ' were added in Rococo, and then the Prince Elector Rooms. The final touch was the construction of the Residenztheater adjoining, and the last additions to the whole complex were the Festsaal Building and the King's Building. The former after the example of the Palazzo Rucelli in Florence in early Renaissance, the latter similar to the Palladio with the main front facing the Hofgarten. The very large building comprises in all six courtyards: the Kaiserhof, the Apothekerhof, the narrow Kapellenhof, the charming Grottenhof with a garden laid out in shells in the centre of which the

Perseus Fountain stands, the Königshof with a Neptunbrunnen, and the Brunnenhof with the famous Wittelsbach Fountain. There is also the monument to Otto von Wittelsbach surrounded by mythological figures.

We enter the Palace through the Hercules Saal and then find ourselves in the magnificent flight of the Trier Rooms, with marvellous paintings on the ceilings by Candid. From here we ascend the Kaisertreppe to the Hofgarten Rooms and the Mirror Cabinet. In the west wing are the Steinzimmer in strictest Renaissance with wonderful paintings by Gumpp, Andreas Wolf and Candid, and tapestries designed by the latter. Then we get into the Court Chapel and through a passage along the Kapellenhof to the Rich Rooms, the first three of which are furnished by Effner (1726), the remainder by Curvillés, all of them being characteristic in their wall decorations in wood-carving and red Genoa velvet.

At this moment I can feel a slight pain in my neck and am afraid that the same is happening to you as a result of seeing too much, so I propose to get a breath of fresh air. We can admire the Residenztheater from the outside. It is a small place built by Curvillés in Rococo style, and does not seat more than five hundred and fifty people. Unless you are too tired (and in this case we could take a cab) we can walk to the Theatinerstrasse, where, after turning to the left into the Schäfflerstrasse, we arrive at the Frauenplatz, facing the Frauenkirche; I have always found churches most restful, the silence, the subdued light, perhaps also the fear of disturbing the wor-

shippers who can be found at all hours in Catholic churches, prevent one from walking about a great deal. It is nice to sit in a pew and rest after our inspection of the Palace.

When we are rested I want to show you this church from the outside. It has three naves supported by twenty-two octagonal pillars and painted arches. The wonderful stained-glass windows are 62 feet high, and some of them are remains of fifteenth-century glass paintings. When they were pieced together, the artist must have been thinking of something else, for some of the pieces have been wrongly joined; the mistakes are, however, not so striking as to spoil the impression. The most perfect of these windows is the one in the Tabernacle Chapel. In this chapel, under the entrance to the organ stage, is the black marble tomb of Maximilian I. In the treasury is a bust of St. Benno and a chalice from the sixteenth century. The whole church is in late Gothic in red brick, and has been restored in 1858—I should rather say transformed into modern Gothic, which seems to me a pity. The two steeples are 200 feet high, and a lovely view can be obtained by those who are fond of climbing stairs. The towers have little green copper-bonnets, the emblem of Munich.

In the Marienplatz are the two town halls, old and new. The old one contains ten wooden mechanical statuettes of Hungarian Maruska dancers and several old banners of the Munich guilds. The new town hall is in Gothic style, the east part in brick, the west part in stone; it was completed in 1908. The tower has a musical clock working a tournament and a

Schäfflerdance at 11 a.m. There is also a most beautiful view from the third gallery of this tower, and when the Alps are to be seen the curators of the tower hoist a white and blue flag.

The Propyläen is a magnificent portal in the style of the one in Athens. The outside columns are Doric and the inside Ionic, and the reliefs represent scenes from the Greek war for liberation under their Bavarian King Otto I. This portal stands at the south-west corner of the Briennerstrasse and the Königsplatz, the centre of the latter being occupied by the Glyptothek, the first German Museum in existence. The outside by Klenze is in Ionic style, the interior in Roman forms. There are various halls relating to different arts: Assyrian, Egyptian, Archaic, the Apollo Hall, the Hall of Bacchus, the Hall of Niobe, the Hall of Gods, the Trojan Hall, etc., which contain wonderful sculptures, some of which date back as far as 2000 and 1500 B.C. To my mind the most remarkable statue is the one of Apollo of Tenea which was found near Corinth about 600 B.C. All particulars about this priceless collection can be found in Baedeker, the excellent guide-book to the pilgrims of galleries and museums, or the catalogue which we can buy for a few pence at the entrance.

The two Pinakotheks, the old and the new one, on the south end of the Odeonplatz are two most interesting buildings. The old Pinakothek was built by Klenze in Renaissance style, and the origin of its fine collections goes as far back as the times of Maximilian I. In 1805 the Düsseldorf Gallery was transferred to Munich, hence the great number of

Dutch paintings. Ludwig I inherited the contents of the Galleries of Mannheim and Zweibrücken, acquired the Wallerstein collection, and purchased many pictures in Italy. You can imagine what an enormous value the eleven hundred pictures must represent, apart from the pleasure they afford.

Paintings before Raphael are not widely represented, but, what there is, is really good. I will take you to my favourites first. The most important are in Room VIII: the Annunciation by Fra Fillippo Lippi, the Madonna by Signorelli (No. 1561), Perugino's 'Vision of St. Bernard' and one beautiful Madonna by Raphael. None of the Correggios is authentically genuine. A portrait by Palma Vecchio, the portrait of Charles V by Titian, and Murillo's 'Beggar Boys' are the best known of the collection. I am certain that it will take us two or three visits in order to realize and appreciate what magnificent treasures are stored in this place, but from the few I am able to mention off-hand you will gather that my superlatives are fully justified: Dürer's 'Four Apostles', Holbein the Elder's magnificent works, pictures by Roger van der Weyden, seventy-four pictures by Rubens ('The Lion Hunt', 'The Day of Judgment', 'The Battle of the Amazons', and the one I love best of all, 'The Children with a Garland of Fruit'), several pictures by Van Dyck, ten beautiful Rembrandts, not to speak of the old Dutch and Flemish Masters, the German Painters and the representatives of the Niederrheinische Schule which cover the walls of twelve halls and twenty-three large rooms.

The States Gallery contains a selection of more modern paintings, about two hundred and fifty in number. It affords an excellent survey of European art from about 1870 to the present time. Amongst the painters of the modern school I prefer F. Hodler, F. von Uhde, A. von Keller and Kalkreuth; although the French impressionists are also very attractive, there being many lovely pictures by Cézanne, Monet, Pissaro, etc. In one of the rooms we shall see Segantini's famous 'Ploughing in the Engadine'.

The German Museum, the Marstall Museum, the Alpine Museum all contain wonderful collections of armour, bronzes, tapestries, wood-carvings, carpets, manuscripts, costumes, ivory, porcelains, of which I cannot give detailed descriptions as the mere recollection dazzles me. Whenever one has half an hour to spare, there is no better pleasure than to examine these collections.

The Basilica is in the Karlstrasse and is dedicated to St. Boniface. It is a copy of the Italian Basilicas of the fifth and sixth centuries, and has five naves with sixty-six monolithian columns of grey Tyrolese marble and a roof in gilt beam work. On the right-hand side of the entrance is a sarcophagus of grey marble where King Ludwig I is buried. The frescoes are by H. von Hess and his pupils. In the niche of the choir are eight statues of saints, on the long side walls are scenes from the life of St. Boniface, and in the centre nave thirty-four reliefs representing the Popes from Julian III to Gregor XVI.

CHAPTER V

THE MUNICH OF TO-DAY

Bridges—The German Museum—Streets and squares—The Schack Gallery—Fountains and monuments—The Bavaria Statue and the Hall of Fame—The Heiligengeist Kirche.

THE Isar divides Munich into two unequal parts. The western portion is the town proper; the part on the left bank is rather suburban. The river is crossed by three bridges, the Ludwigs Brücke, near the Museum-Insel, formed by the two arms of the river which join later and divide again to form the Prater-Insel and the Isar-Insel, with the monument of Schwind the painter, by the Maximilian Brücke and the Max Joseph Brücke farther down the stream.

On the Museum-Insel is the German Museum, and if anyone amongst us has a mechanical mind, this will be a place for him to enjoy thoroughly, as it contains an enormous collection of mechanical models. There are steam engines, boilers, motor-cars, turbines, aeroplanes, windmills and many more. From the Ludwigs Brücke the Zweibrückenstrasse takes us via the Isartor to the Marienplatz and the Theatiner-strasse.

SCENE FROM THE 'OCTOBER FESTIVALS' AT MUNICH

FOLK-DANCERS AT PARTENKIRCHEN

On the Maximilian Brücke is the statue of Pallas Athene, and the Maximilianstrasse leading from this bridge into the centre of the town is one of the finest streets of Munich.

The Maximilianum nearby is an institute for students—a large square building on a high terrace, on both sides of which the Gasteig pleasure-grounds along the river-bank stretch as far as the Max Joseph Brücke.

The Prinz Regentenstrasse, Munich's Piccadilly, leads from the Ludwigs Brücke past the Englischer Garten to the Hofgarten. The former reminds me rather of Regent's Park, with the two canals and its shady plane trees; Monopteros is a small round temple, and the Chinesische-Turm a popular tea place. The Kleinhessischer See, in spite of its difficult name, is rather a nice boating place in summer and skating-rink in winter.

What I like so much about Munich is that many of the main streets are boulevards. I refer to the rows of trees rather than to the cafés, and although it seems somewhat cruel to me to allot just a small piece of ground to a tree, so that the poor fellow has to spread its roots under the pavement, it cannot be denied that the touch of green is most effective, and will remind us agreeably of the Ringstrasse in Vienna, the boulevards in Paris, the Linden in Berlin. Munich's atmosphere makes you feel at home; it is not a town to puzzle and worry you. Although it is the fourth largest town in Germany and has over 750,000 inhabitants, the traffic is not overwhelming, and one is not, so to speak, in constant danger of one's life

through being run over, once one gets used to the fact that they drive on the right. Munich's public conveyances are mostly trams, although lately the bus service has increased considerably. In addition to the numbers of the different routes, the trams also have coloured lights, and it is well to remember that, for instance, all lines passing the Bahnhofplatz have a red line across the indicator.

One of the most interesting small picture galleries in Munich is the Schack Gallery, in the building of the Prussian Legation in the Prinz Regentenstrasse. It was formerly the private collection of the poet, Count Ad. Franz von Schack, which he left to the German Emperor. It contains many pictures by Moritz von Schwind, Spitzweg, Lenbach, Böcklin, Feuerbach, and a lot of pictures of the modern German school. When I say modern, I do not mean the Sezessionistic School, but paintings dating from about 1880 to 1910 when this style originated, which to my idea was the interim stage between real painting in perfect true colours and normal lines and the Cubistic interpretation of Nature. Moritz von Schwind, in his rather faded and misty colours, and Böcklin's touch of the mystic in all his subjects—who does not know his famous 'Island of the Dead'?—are the two painters I personally prefer, though Anselm von Feuerbach was a great artist too, especially in the Italian landscapes he uses as backgrounds.

Whilst we are doing the round of galleries, let us also have a look at the new Pinakothek, a rather ugly building but filled with beautiful pictures, amongst

which we find Reynolds and Thomas Lawrence. I cannot enumerate them all, but would like you specially to have a look at the sketches for the fresco paintings on the ceiling of the Vienna Opera by Moritz von Schwind, several of Franz Lenbach's famous portraits, A. von Menzel's characteristic pictures, H. Makart's pompous tableaux, Anselm Feuerbach's Medea, and Böcklin's 'Play of the Waves' in its bright, resplendent colours.

On the ground floor of the new Pinakothek is a collection of engravings dating back to the first attempts of etching and forward to the most recent. There are some one hundred and sixty drawings by Rembrandt and about thirty by Fra Bartolomea, apart from those by many other famous artists. Two rooms in this building are always used for exhibitions of paintings. There are more exhibitions in Munich than I have seen in any other town.

As we go along we shall come across some nice monuments and fountains. There is, for instance, the monument of the Prince Regent outside the National Museum, a bronze by A. von Hildebrand on a low pedestal in effective harmony with the Hubertus Fountain by the same artist, a beautiful Baroque pavilion containing a stag in bronze in the middle of the fountain. The Siegestor, a reproduction of the Constantine Arch in Rome, represents a statue of Bavaria on a chariot drawn by four lions, forming the finish of the Ludwigstrasse.

Another attractive monument is that of King Ludwig II in the coronation robes on the Odeonplatz. The Odeon was built for concerts and as

an Academy of Music. The Odeonplatz, between the Fürstenstrasse and Ludwigstrasse, has left a two-edged souvenir to me. In pre-war days the Odeon Casino, situated in this square, used to be the place for dancing, and I spent many an amusing afternoon and evening there. I also remember one beautiful November morning in 1923, when staying with friends in Feldafing on the Starnberger See. I had come to Munich to persuade the British Consul to grant me an extension of my permit, and was blissfully ignorant of any political trouble. Apparently it had just pleased Mr. Hittler—as far as I remember, the leader of the Monarchists—to arrange a miniature revolution and to select the Odeonplatz as the scene of war. Within half a minute the square was surrounded by troops and police and transformed into a battlefield, where the machine-gun bullets whizzed past my head, so that I had to creep on all fours to cover. I found this in a café that could no longer boast of a single window-pane. However, it was all over in a few hours, but owing to the state of siege having been proclaimed, I was unable to communicate with my friends, who passed an anxious forty-eight hours. As a result, the police at Starnberg refused to allow me to stay on in Bavaria, not even at my own risk and peril, their motive being very funny indeed. The officer told me they had not the slightest wish to pay heavy damages to the English Government in case anything happened to me, and my assurance that such a claim could never be made on behalf of such an unimportant subject of His Majesty as I was, remained without avail. I had to leave

Bavaria within two days. I was rather annoyed, but might have been flattered by the importance attached to my safety, had I not realized that it was probably the rate of exchange that so alarmed the police official —twenty-seven billion marks to one English pound, and damages at that, was enough to scare him into such strict administration of the law.

On the Lenbachplatz is the Goethe Monument—no German town is without one, a statement that does not apply to Shakespeare and England—and facing the Künstlerhaus with its large banqueting rooms the Herzog Max Burg. On the west side of the square is the Bernheimer House in Baroque style between the two big German banks.

The famous Wittelsbach fountain is on the Maximilianplatz. On both sides of the huge basin there are two large groups in red marble, representing the beneficial and destructive powers of water. In the middle of the square, very appropriately a monument has been set to the authority on Hygiene, M. von Pettenkofer. Another monument to the great chemist, J. von Liebig, faces the north side of the Chamber of Commerce.

The Promenadeplatz is adorned by five statues—the historian, Lorenz von Westenrieder, Christoph von Gluck the composer, Kurfürst Max Emanuel of Bavaria, the conqueror of Belgrad, the composer, Orlando di Lasso (1520-74) and the chancellor, von Kreittmayer.

There is a statue by Rauch of King Max Joseph I on the square of the same name, and on the Karlsplatz we find the lovely Nornenbrunnen by Netzer

(1907), opposite the pretty Gasteiger fountain (Brunnenbuberl) which was a present from the sculptor Gasteiger to the city of Munich.

The bronze obelisk on the Karolinenplatz was erected by King Ludwig I in 1833 to the memory of the Bavarians killed in the Russian War of 1812.

On the right-hand side of the Wittelsbachplatz is the bronze statue of Kurfürst Max I by Thorwaldsen. We may also find the four statues on the big staircase to the States Library interesting—they represent Aristotle, Hippocrates, Homer and Thucydides, all four sitting rather pensively, as poets and philosophers should do.

Two rather attractive fountains, imitations of those by Bernini in the Piazza of St. Peter at Rome, are to be seen opposite the University near the Ludwigstrasse. We must not forget to go and see the magnificent fresco paintings by Cornelius showing the Day of Judgment, which we find in the Ludwigskirche nearby. It is the largest fresco in the world, 54 by 33 feet.

The colossal iron statue of Bavaria erected in front of the Ruhmeshalle (Hall of Fame) is one of the features of Munich. She is like most of these ladies representing a country—Britannia, Marianne, Austria —not of the present-day slim and dainty build. She stands on a pedestal and twenty-eight steps lead to her feet; a further flight of seventy-two steps inside the monument leads to the first platform and fifty-two more lead up to the head. From there, through the peep-holes in the eyes of the statue, on clear days a wonderful view can be obtained—the gorgeous pano-

rama of the Bavarian Alps. Whatever you do, never attempt this climb on a hot and sunny day, for if the sun has been shining too long on the metal body of this bronze maiden, it will give you a taste of what may happen to you in after life, unless you have been very good. My first experience was a very melting one, and there was no retreat possible, as I was in the middle of a crowd pushing on, up the winding stairs. Not even the ejaculations of my fellow-climbers higher up concerning the beauty of the view could make me want to see it. I was dying to get out of the oven.

The Ruhmeshalle behind this statue is a Dorian hall with eighty busts of prominent Bavarians. Near-by is the Exhibition Park. An example of modern architecture, plastic and decorative painting, the Künstlertheater is interesting on account of its simplified stage.

I must not forget to mention the Fortunabrunnen, to which we get by way of the Weinstrasse and the Theatinerstrasse. A picturesque spot is the Tal, which we reach by passing under the arch in the tower of the old town hall. This place must, in the olden days, have been a road on which the farmers took their goods to the market, as it is wider in places, and this, it is assumed, is due to the fact that market carts were parked there.

The Heiligengeist Kirche is right at the beginning of this funny street and is a very highly coloured Baroque building, and the end of the Tal forms the Isartor.

From the church towards the south is the Schram-

menhalle, the first market hall in Germany, and not far from it the historic town museum with a very good collection of armour and coins. The ground-floor rooms contain all the models of buildings and monuments in Munich.

CHAPTER VI

ABOUT BOHEMIAN MUNICH

Artists in Munich Cafés—Cabarets—The Hofbräuhaus—The Carnival—The October Fest—Exhibitions of modern paintings—The surroundings of Munich—Schloss Schleissheim—Dachau and the Ampertal.

MUNICH has always been, and I hope will always remain, the Eldorado of painters and sculptors. So much so, that it was a foregone conclusion, if anyone left their home town either in Germany or Austria to settle in Munich, that he was going to be either one or the other, or, as they used to call them under a collective heading, Künstler. This word is rendered in the broad Bavarian dialect as Künschtler, and always involves tremendous respect —not only for art itself, but also at the same time evokes a certain leniency and forgiveness. A Künstler may do anything; he has a sort of privilege in Munich. Shops give him credit because he is an artist. He may go about with a shabby hat, unshaven, a waving tie—he may even produce the most astonishing things which no human being can understand, but the soul of the

man in the street in Munich will go out to him because he is an artist.

The Bohemian in Munich is not more or less confined to one district, as he is, for instance, to Montmartre, in Paris; he mingles freely with average people —he is everywhere. You can see him in the hall of the Hôtel vier Jahreszeiten, in the Café Luitpold, in the Odeon Casino, the Bonbonnière; he does not create a sensation when he appears, nor is he stared at and made to feel uncomfortable because maybe his clothes are shabby, his hair is long and he has a beard. Munich is his place, it belongs to him; perhaps his own forefathers have added to the galleries or monuments and buildings of the town; he need not be shy and retire to the Chelsea of Munich.

The artists are quite a powerful body here: they are the leading merry-makers during the Carnival, they arrange the Redoutes and fancy-dress balls, they furnish the cabarets with skits, songs and *bons mots*, and they have a delightful influence on the rest of the population, who are inclined to be a little heavy and dull. They are gay without being noisy; their dances do not end in orgies; they do not get drunk on their last mark piece—they work and create, everyone after his own taste and line, and take the best of life.

There are many branches of art taught in Munich —music, painting, sculpture, dancing, acting, writing, architecture and interior decoration, and many more. Many an accomplished artist, after the studies and struggles are over, has settled down there for good,

because life seemed impossible in another milieu. Schwabing, which is really, after Bagathausen, the most elegant suburban district of Munich, is generally associated with the idea of the artists' headquarters, and almost every house there has a studio.

Perhaps the presence of so many artists is the reason for the many cafés and beer restaurants—not that I mean to imply that artists cannot live without either, but I am certain that they gradually developed from meeting-places of students and artists. Anyone and everyone can go into a café abroad. It is everyone's club, where you can drop in when you have half an hour to spare, hear a bit of music, have a delicious coffee, an ice, a glass of beer, a sandwich, your lunch, your supper, look at the collection of German or foreign newspapers, write your letters or play a game of bridge with your friends. After going to the theatre and to supper, you will certainly finish up in the café; even when you go home in the small hours from a dance—and in Munich dances do not end at twelve—you will certainly go to a café before turning in. When you make an appointment you will never dream of asking your friend—whether it be a he or a she—to wait for you at such and such a stop of the tram or at the corner of such and such a street: it will be at a café. By the time we leave Munich I am certain we shall find the cafés indispensable and shall have been in all of them.

The first in rank and the best known is undoubtedly the Luitpold in the Briennerstrasse. It is very elegant, all in marble, and in summer there are small tables

outside on the pavement as on the boulevards in Paris, screened off on the right and left with ivy-grown boxes forming small green walls. I remember I was sitting one day in one of the cafés and the sun was just trying to make one believe that spring was really coming when I had confirmation of the hope. I heard the head waiter say to the page-boy, ' Johnny, carry the garden outside.'

Then there is the Café der Platz, the Hofgarten Café, Café Bristol, Café Wintergarten, Orlando di Lasso, and ever so many more.

There are numbers of cabarets in Munich. After the theatre one generally goes to a cabaret to have supper and see one of the shows, which consist of various dances, songs, and sometimes a skit, or perhaps even a short play. You sit at little tables—the food is unusually good in these places and the wine is excellent—and eat, drink, watch and listen. They all have a *conférencier*, who announces the artists. The Odeon Casino and the Bonbonnière are the two best. In days gone by the former was the most attractive, perhaps because all the tables were connected by telephone and there was no harm in ringing up a certain table and telling an attractive lady that she looked it. Rather a disappointment when the reply was ' engaged '!

There are, of course, a lot of *thé dansants* too. I like the one in the Hôtel Regina best which is patronized by the sporting set of Munich.

We must, of course, also have a Frühschoppen in the Hofbräuhaus—this is an extraordinary place. It is always crowded, and one wonders whether beer is a

drink or a medicine, it seems so essential to the people. It is served by waitresses rather on the plump side; who but a muscular, strong woman could carry sometimes eight to ten of the heavy stone mugs in one hand, and perhaps a plate of sausages and *sauerkraut* in the other? The Hofbräuhaus provides one of the most interesting psychological studies, and is to my mind the only place where class war is abolished. You may happen to sit next to the taxi-driver who drove you to the theatre the night before, and whilst he and you drink the dark brown nectar he is socially your equal—not in a disagreeable and obtrusive way, but starting from the idea that you are both enjoying the beer and therefore you have something in common. Of course, German beer is much lighter than ours, and therefore there is no public-house touch about the Hofbräuhaus. I have been there so often and never seen anybody tipsy, though I have often wondered whether the 'chucker-out' is a heavy-weight boxer, considering the obesity of the citizens of Munich.

The Carnival begins on Twelfth Night and lasts until Shrove Tuesday midnight, as Lent is very religiously kept in Bavaria, but during the named period the true Bohemian comes home with the milk, and at that sometimes only with the second delivery. Most of the dances are fancy-dress affairs, and many of them are got up by the various clubs and organizations. Every one of them has its dance during carnival time, and people mostly wear the peasant dress, which is very attractive and of which a description follows when we get right amongst them. The

various branches of art all have their dance, and the Künstlerfest is the Chelsea Arts Ball of Munich. I have seen wonderful dresses and watched the procession of the various groups from the gallery—a most interesting spectacle, perhaps on account of the aim and ambition of the participants to outbid each other in original ideas and costumes.

The so-called ' Fasching Dienstag Redoute ' is an affair of dominoes and masques, and perhaps more amusing for the Munich people than for the visitor, unless, of course, one goes there in a party; there cannot be much fun in trying to guess who someone else may be if one does not know the person even without a masque.

The famous October Fest on the Theresien Wiese lasts from about the end of September to mid-October, and is held in commemoration of King Ludwig I's wedding (1810). Crowds of people flock there from all parts of the country, as the annual agricultural exhibition takes place there as well as horse-racing; apart from these, there are the ordinary features of a fair, roundabouts, side-shows, music, laughter and noise.

The Glaspalast in the Sophienstrasse is a construction made entirely of iron bars and window-panes—it gives more the impression of a huge conservatory than a crystal palace—and is used for the annual exhibition of the Munich Artists' Guild. The exhibition is open from June 1st until the end of October. There is a permanent exhibition in the old National Museum in the Maximilianstrasse, where you can see the most recent works of painting, plastic and graphic.

The ' Secession ' arranges three yearly exhibitions: one from December to February is called the winter exhibition, the spring show from March to end of April, and from then on till the end of October lasts the International Exhibition. Apart from these exhibitions there are also the various art galleries which mostly belong to dealers, such as the Caspari Gallery in the Briennerstrasse, Heinemann on the Lenbachplatz, Hermes in the Kaulbachstrasse, Brakl's Kunsthaus on the Beethovenplatz, the Gallery Bischoff in the Sophienstrasse, Franz. X. Thallmaier's special exhibition of miniatures and paintings on porcelain, which is also in the Maximilianstrasse, the Moderne Galerie in the Arco Palast and many more. I cannot help thinking what great chances Munich affords to the young artist by providing him with so many opportunities to exhibit his works and secure purchasers. This is truly a proof that Munich is the Artists' Centre of Europe.

The surroundings of Munich are beautiful, especially in autumn when the dark forests vary in all tints of yellow and red. This colour scheme, interspersed by glimpses of the dark green waters of the Isar, is a wonderful sight.

On the outskirts of Munich, in a southerly direction between the river and the steep slopes below Herlaching we find Hellabrunn. This park is partly a zoo and partly a deer-park, well worth a visit. There are different approaches to it; either by tram to the terminus near the Thalheimer Brücke and then over the bridge in five minutes to the main entrance, or we can take another tram to the Grünwalder Platz

and walk from there in fifteen minutes to the upper entrance, passing on our way the pretty Harlachinger Kirche and the monument set up to Claude Lorrain, the French landscape genius. But the way which I prefer is through the charming Isar-Auen, starting from the Reichenbach Brücke via the Flaucher Anlagen and across the long foot-bridge to the right bank of the Isar. Opposite this park on the left bank is the picturesque little village Thalkirchen, and the Waldfriedhof lies north-west of it. A very beautiful cemetery indeed, right in the heart of the woods. Most famous Munich artists are buried there.

Schloss Schleissheim should really range as an item in our visit to the castles, but as we will have to make several excursions to appreciate the beauty of Munich's surroundings, I propose to go and see it while we are so conveniently near. It is only thirty-five minutes by train from Munich, on the line to Regensburg, and the day will be well spent in viewing it.

There are three castles, but the new castle is the most interesting, although the old castle is, on account of the many changes it went through, very attractive from an historical point of view.

Kurfürst Max Emanuel entrusted Enrico Zuccali, an architect from the Engadine, with the construction of this castle. The exterior of the building was completed in 1703, but after the terrible battle of Höchstädt (1704) and the disastrous defeat of the allied Bavarian and French Armies, Max Emanuel was banned and Zuccali had to give up the keys of his office to the Government. It was only six years

later that the Prince Elector was reinstated and allowed to return. He then engaged Joseph Ettner as an assistant to Zuccali, and the castle was finished in due course.

Entering the large ante-room we are facing the staircase, a pompous Baroque structure which reaches up to the roof. The columns are of dark green marble, with bases and capitals of white marble. The cupola above has a beautiful fresco by Cosmas Damian Asam, and represents the request of Venus to Vulcanus to forge the arms for the Trojan War. The walls of the staircase are of red marble, with a frieze of stucco ornaments.

On the ground floor, next to the entrance-hall, we find the dining-hall with a fresco painting by Christian Winck, the subject of which is the landing of Odysseus on the island of Calypso. On the walls are life-size pictures of the Bavarian Prince Electors. The Vorsaal is on the first floor and very lavishly ornamented. The painting on the ceiling is by the Venetian painter, Jacopo Amiconi. Against the walls are ten statues of the Bavarian Princes by Schwanthaler, and the stucco ornaments are by Charles Dubut (1717-25). The two large pictures on the walls, ' Relief of Vienna ' and ' Victory of Mohacz ', are painted by Joachim Bleich, a very skilful landscape painter. The large swing door leads into the Victoriensaal, one of the most accomplished works of German Baroque. The fresco on the ceiling is by Amiconi, ' Dido receiving Æneas ', and there are nine very beautiful pictures on the walls by various first-class painters.

The Kammerkapelle has a lovely fresco, ' The

Celestial Glory' by Stuber, and friezes of red marble.

The picture gallery was once upon a time one of the most famous collection in Europe, and possesses many pictures by Dutch and Flemish artists, collected by Max Emanuel when he was governor-general of the Netherlands, but a large section of the pictures has been taken by Karl Theodor and placed in the old Pinakothek. It possesses, however, many more pictures than is generally known. There are forty-five rooms with over fourteen hundred pictures by masters of all periods.

The park is in accordance with the severe note of the period of Louis XIV as expressed in all creations of Le Nôtre, whose style has been adopted here. Through the park we reach the small castle Lustheim, which has two pavilions on either side. They should have been connected with the castle by a marble gallery, but this was never built on account of the expense. The ground floor rooms contain, apart from a few hunting pictures, the Clementinian collection. The frescoes refer mostly to hunting which indicates that the castle must have been used in former days as a sort of shooting-box.

Another interesting excursion from Munich is to Dachau, with lovely views into the Ampertal. Although situated in rather flat country, many Munich painters make it a centre for their studies, probably on account of the perfect light effects, and perhaps because of the contrasts it affords to the rest of Bavarian mountain scenery. The native dress of the Ampertal is most attractive, and on account of the

great number of painters staying here, you can see many of the old peasants dressed up in their Sunday best waiting to give a sitting.

The castle in Dachau was once a favourite country seat of the Bavarian Princes, but is now uninhabited. The beautiful panelling of the walls and ceilings has been taken to the National Museum.

CHAPTER VII

AUGSBURG AND THE PATRICIANS

The Romans—The patrician families of Augsburg—The Fuggerhaus—The Fugger Museum—The picture gallery—Churches—The Röhrer collection—The Rathaus—The old walls of Augsburg—The gates—Places in the surroundings.

AUGSBURG, on the junction of the main lines from Stuttgart to Munich and Nürnberg to Lindau, was founded by the Roman Emperor Augustus about 15 B.C., and called Augusta Vindelicorum. Thanks to its position, it became an important trading centre under Roman rule, and rose to later fame as an Episcopal See after the fall of the Roman Empire.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Augsburg was one of the leading cities in Europe. This fact is easily explained: the oldest Roman road constructed under Augustus's reign led from Bâle, then in the Roman province Rhætia, via Bregenz (Brigantinum) and Kempten to Augsburg, whence it turned towards the south-east via Salzburg, over the chain of the Tauernalps to Verona. It must be emphasized that this road was the main artery in the body of Europe, and all places situated on its course were pre-

HERKULES BRUNNEN AND VIEW TOWARDS THE FUGGERHAUS, AUGSBURG

destined to great importance in the era succeeding the downfall of Rome. Augsburg soon became a beautiful town with palaces, houses and villas, and the Romans used to call it the most beautiful town of Rhætia. It was adorned with monuments and had wonderful public baths, where marble bathing-pools, mosaic floors, fresco paintings, made the stay very pleasant. The floors were heated from subterranean passages, and an even temperature was maintained throughout the year. The amphitheatre, where all classes enjoyed the spectacle of the gladiator contests, animal fights and races, and the numerous temples of worship were a great attraction. The ground was thus well prepared from which the Augsburg of the Middle Ages rose. In the fourteenth century we see it as the favourite town of Kaiser Ludwig. He held his courts here, and conferred many privileges on the town. As a democratic ruler, he preferred the *bonne bourgeoisie* of Augsburg to the rowdy knights of other surroundings.

Augsburg was more or less under the thumb of the patricians, until in 1368 the guilds rebelled and forced the Council, which was composed of patricians only, to resign. The Council was reorganized and consisted now of representatives of the various guilds and patricians in even proportion. About a year prior to this event, a simple bourgeois, a weaver from Graben (a small village on the Lechfeld) made his entry into Augsburg, where he settled. His name was Hans Fugger. Apart from weaving, he traded also in linen with so much success that he left a considerable fortune to his sons Andreas, Ulrich and Jacob. Andreas was

already known as the rich Fugger, and Jacob, the youngest, extended the business far over the German frontier, into the Tyrol, Hungary and Italy. His coat of arms bore a blue and red lily with two bull's horns, which you can still see over the doors of the Fugger houses.

At the same time, the Welsers, another patrician family, began to prosper, and the Hochstetters also helped to carry Augsburg's fame into all parts of the world. Three patrician daughters were married to princes of royal blood: Klara von Detten to the Prince Elector of the Pfalz, the beautiful Agnes Bernauer to Duke Albrecht II, and Philippine Welser to Ferdinand of Austria. Bartolomeus Welser, her uncle, equipped three ships to take possession of Venezuela, which had been pledged to him by the Emperor Charles V. The Fuggers were the bankers of Maximilian I and Charles V, much as the Rothschilds were the guarantors of Napoleon's bills. Hans Holbein, the Elder, was their special protégé and painted his wonderful pictures under their guidance, and Elias Holl, the architect, is the creator of many of the Renaissance treasures in Augsburg erected in accordance with their taste and orders.

Almost everything we shall see in Augsburg has some link with the Fuggers, even the hotel which I propose to make our headquarters. It is called Hôtel 'Drei Mohren', and is really a palace which belonged to the Fuggers. You can recognize their ownership from the beautiful façade of the house painted by Gunezrhainer in 1722. The staircase is unusual, as it leads up to a square gallery on each floor which

takes the place of the corridors or landings. On the ground floor in the entrance-hall is a fireplace where Anton Fugger generously burnt an unpaid bill when the Emperor Charles V started quibbling over the rate of interest.

Next door to the Hôtel Drei Mohren is the Fuggerhaus, the town residence of the Princes of Fugger-Babenhausen, the descendants of the patricians, which was built in 1512. The frescoes on the front of the large double house were originally painted by Hans Burgkmaier; unfortunately they faded after a time, and Ferdinand Wagner covered them over with different pictures. He was not very lucky, and they had to be restored again after only fifty years. It is a curious fact that the climate of Augsburg is not very favourable to colours. In former days one used to wander through the streets of Augsburg as through picture galleries, but now they are all fading beyond recognition. Outside the Fuggerhaus is the Herkulesbrunnen, and as Hercules is just about to kill the seven-headed hydra, while the three naiads on the pedestal are combing their hair and do not take the slightest notice of his heroic deed, we need not do so either and can proceed through the narrow Apotheker Gasse to the Zeugplatz where the Fugger Museum, or as it is really called the Fuggersche Kunstkammern, stands. This museum is installed in bathrooms. You need not doubt my words—it is so. They are, however, the most beautiful bathrooms I have ever set eyes on, lavishly decorated in Italian Renaissance by Fredric Sustris and Antonio Ponzano for Hans Fugger. The first room contains armour and a remarkable

shield in embossed silver, the second room church utensils, a Byzantine crucifix (tenth century), chalices of gold and silver, and beautiful cut glasses. In the second show-case is a wood-carving by Hans Daucher, a medal with a portrait of Georg Fugger (1557). On the right wall are coins, minted of metal from the Fugger's own mines. The third room is full of rifles and glass works. Opposite the Museum is the Zeughaus with a Renaissance façade by Elias Holl, and a huge statue of the Archangel Michael in bronze by Hans Reichel (1607) hangs over its entrance.

Augsburg is a town where things are to be found in unusual places. The picture gallery, for instance, is on the first floor of the former Church of St. Catherine. The reason for this may be that a great portion of the collection was the property of confiscated churches and convents. We shall find many important works of Hans Holbein, the Elder, and Hans Burgkmaier, but the most beautiful pictures of the former are here: the Basilica of St. Maria Maggiore, the Wonders of Christ, the Passion Scenes, and the Basilica St. Paolo. Burgkmaier's Basilica St. Giovani in Laterano, St. Peter and St. Croce do not appeal to me quite as much, though they are of course great pictures.

I prefer the second room with some wonderful Italian Masters: Carlo Dolci's ' The Boy Jesus ', Paolo Veronese's ' Cleopatra ', Carlo Cignani's ' Repenting Magdalena ', Palma Giovane's ' Mourning of Christ ' and Carlo Maratta's ' Sleeping Child ' are my favourites.

In the third room the Dutch Masters are housed:

P. Brueghel, Jan Brueghel, Van Dyck, Jan van Goyen, Pieter Lastman and one Rubens representing an Arab struggling with crocodiles.

The small room, No. 4, adjoining contains Dürer's famous 'Madonna with the Carnation', and next door, in No. 3 room, hangs Lucas von Cranach's beautiful picture 'Der Schmerzensmann'.

On leaving the gallery we can go through the Catharinengasse back to the Maximilianstrasse, and by doing so we pass the Schätzler Palast. It is worth stopping there for a moment to have a glance at its magnificent Rococo hall.

The churches of Augsburg are more beautiful—if possible—than those of any other town in Bavaria. The Dom in the Karolinenplatz is an assymetrical building in Gothic style. As usual it has reached this stage through various alterations, and was originally a Romanesque pillar basilica. The quaint wings of the door to the south aisle have thirty-five panels with figures after antique originals, and represent Biblical scenes. On the portal of the east choir are some remarkable sculptures of the fourteenth century.

St. Ulrich is a double church, that is to say there are two churches adjoining. The one in front is a Protestant church, and the one in the background a Catholic one. Both have beautiful interiors, and are well worth a few hours' inspection; so is the Dominikaner Kirche, but perhaps from another angle. This church is situated in a lonely side street between houses and shops, and its insignificant aspect does not betray the surprise that awaits the visitor. The building is the home of the Röhrer collection, and contains very

good pictures of the German and Italian Baroque period. Here are Edlinger's portraits in their odd brown tones and Desmarée's elegant pictures of gay ladies and gentlemen. On one of the walls is a picture of David with the ruffled head of Goliath. Behind the gates of the various chapels the candles flicker and cast their dancing lights on a beautiful painting of the ' Last Supper '. Next to it a picture of ' Peter Liberated from Prison '—the astonishment in the Apostle's face makes us wonder how it got there —opposite on the wall Casanova sends a flash of lightning from a very black sky to the terrified people on earth. Zick has painted two striking pictures, ' The Plague ' and ' The Scourging of the Saviour ', whereas Guido Reni gives us rather a mild version of the same subject. The pictures of Job's afflictions painted by A. Schoonjans prove that the book of Job must have been his principal study. The back wall of the church is covered with pictures. Lanfranco's large painting, ' St. Martin sharing his coat with the Beggar ' was originally destined for the Dominican Church in Rome—what wonderful bright colours and lights! Farther down hangs Guilio's ' Awakening of Lazarus ' and ' Iphigenia's Sacrifice ', two wonderful paintings.

The last wall takes us suddenly right into the Middle Ages. Here are Amberger, Elias Greuther, Christoph Schwarz, and although this collection is by no means as valuable as the one in the Fugger Museum, it has an overwhelming effect by being stored away in this simple church which cannot even boast of a steeple.

Other interesting churches are St. Anna and the beautiful Goldschmidt Kappelle, St. Moritz, the old Peters Kirche, the Barfüsser Kirche, Heilig Kreuz (this church has been transformed from a plain and simple building into a fairy-like Baroque church by J. J. Herkomer) and St. Stephan.

We must devote plenty of time to the Rathaus, which is such a unique building. In a busy square, where the founder of the town, Augustus, has his monument in the middle of a fountain, and where we can hear the melodious sound of the clock on the slender Perlach Tower, we see a house of many windows. On both sides of the slanting gables two green cupolas rise in the air. This is the Rathaus.

A few steps lead to the solid oak door. The arched ceiling rests firmly on stone pillars, and broad stairs lead on the right and on the left to the first floor. From the landing, which has a very heavy oak-panelled ceiling, four doors lead to the session rooms. On the next floor is the famous Golden Hall, an illustration of the word pomp. There is not an inch of the walls and the ceiling that has not been bedecked with paintings, and the latter, on account of its enormous weight, had to be fixed to the roof by means of twenty-seven heavy iron chains. On both sides of the Golden Hall are the Fürstenzimmer where so much of German history has been made. Would you like to have a look on to the Rathaus and over the whole of Augsburg? We are quite close to the Perlach Tower, which was a watch tower before it was promoted to contain the bell of the Rathaus. In its ground floor room there

is a wonderful fresco painting by A. Brandes, depicting the entrance of Hadrian into Augsburg.

Augsburg still has ramparts, bastions, moats and gates. The wall is not intact, and only in places there are a few feet of it left.

The Red Gate, through which in former days all merchants and traders coming from the south had to pass, was formerly in Gothic style. Elias Holl rebuilt it in 1622. It has lots of windows and seems now to be the meeting-place of the Pigeon-Guild of Augsburg. There is a bell in its small pointed tower, which, according to the inscription, must have been a special safety device for the citizens of Augsburg.

The last time the barrier was reluctantly opened was in 1806 to the French Armies. General Vandamme had asked to be allowed in under the pretext that he should be granted to have lunch at the ' Drei Mohren ' because the *chef* could cook like nobody else, and twenty-four hours later Napoleon's big appetite had gobbled up the independence of Augsburg! Now there are only children playing soldiers on these mighty ramparts.

The Vogeltor, and also the Jacobertor safeguarded the east side of the town—both are surmounted by turrets; the Fünfgrat Tower, and the two ramparts known as Oblatter Wall and the Jacober Wall, protected the west and south. The Luginsland forms the remains of a strong bastion which the French enlarged in 1704, and the Wertachbrückner Tor is its continuation.

Four rivers are rushing through the wooded hills in whose centre Augsburg lies. Fields of waving

corn and green meadows creep up to the mountain-side, and on the crest of the hills the dark forests seem to hang like dense, dark caps. Out of these woods rises Schloss Wellenburg with its slender towers, like a ship with many masts. A gigantic lime tree stands in the park, which is closed by wrought-iron gates and surrounded by hedges. Near the lime tree is a Don Quixote fountain, and round its basin, like a purple velvet ribbon, is a garland of pansies. The castle itself has many beautiful rooms with pictures, antique furniture and trophies. When Prince Fugger is absent, we are allowed to view it.

The slow trains from Augsburg stop at Westheim, and from the tower near this place we have a beautiful view over the Schmuttertal, on clear days as far as the Allgäuer Alps. Another place with a good view on the town is Deuring.

Friedberg is a small town in the neighbourhood of Augsburg, with old town walls and a castle surrounded by high beech and chestnut trees, but the small shops and the laundry on the fences have done away with romantic thoughts.

At Kopfhäusl was the old place of execution, and five large trees are said to have grown from the blood of an innocent.

The long avenue of trees leads from Friedberg to the Herrgottruhe, a place of pilgrimage, and the crosses in the little churchyard seem to rise from a soft green carpet like small ladders to the azure sky.

We must not leave Augsburg without seeing the Lech, the mighty river which supplies all the vital power to this city. Centuries ago it was Augsburg's

strength of defence, and now it drives the turbines of all the large factories and power-stations. Standing on the big Staubrücke which spans the river and looking into the rushing and roaring stream beneath our feet, centuries appear like seconds to us.

CHAPTER VIII

NÜRNBERG AND THE MIDDLE AGES

The patricians of Nürnberg—The town during the Middle Ages—Churches—St. Laurentius—The Nassauerhaus—The Schönebrunnen—The Neptunbrunnen—The Town Hall—The castle—Houses in Nürnberg—The Toplerhaus—The Pellerhaus—The Hirschvogelhaus—Albrecht Dürerhaus—Bridges and gates—St. Sebaldus—The Bratwurstglöcklein.

THE idea that Nürnberg must have been founded by the Romans is quite wrong. There are a great many towns where nothing can be discovered that stamps them as having been colonies or castles of the great colonizers, and of these Nürnberg is one. When you see it first you will agree with the theory that the castle was the starting-point of the surrounding town, and the castle dates back to about 1050. When the market was transferred from Fürth to Nürnberg and St. Sebaldus became famous through the wonder cures and miracles he performed, Nürnberg became a great attraction to traders and pilgrims. One thing is certain—that it enjoyed the patronage of many kings, and the first proof of royal grace is found in the grant of important

privileges by Frederick II in 1219, when he made it a town of the realm, and gave it its own code of law and the right to mint its own money.

In 1348 there was a rising, but not of long duration, and after the execution of the rebels the whole population returned to their various trades and handicrafts. Commerce was highly developed, and the best families of the town were in business. Amongst those trading with Italy, Switzerland, Bohemia, Austria, Poland and Hungary we find the patricians of Nürnberg: Vorchtel, Ortlieb, Behaim, Tucher, Wagner, Botensteiner, Grundherrn, Imhoff, Muffel, Schurstab and many more. Many of these names are derived from occupations and are the equivalents of our Turner, Taylor, Smith, Baker, etc.

In about 1440 the town had grown to such an extent that it was necessary to build a second wall, and it is in this era that the principal churches were transformed into the wonderful buildings of to-day.

In the Middle Ages the town of Nürnberg possessed no territory, and anything outside the town walls belonged to the Burgraves; but King Adolf decreed that the 'Fürrent', which means the woods transformed into pastures, should be used for the benefit of the community, and also that no other fortress should be built within a certain area, for the noble Burgraves were more or less all highwaymen and greatly endangered commerce. By and by several of the surrounding small hamlets and towns were joined to Nürnberg—in one case two towns were in pawn, and Nürnberg redeemed them for 6,100 florins.

MARKET PLACE, NÜRNBERG

As far as territorial expansion is concerned, Nürnberg in 1500 was the largest of the Reichstowns, but the question arises whether the increased territory was not rather a burden than a benefit and greatly accelerated its downfall. In the sixteenth century Nürnberg had reached the highest point of development. Trade was booming; art and science had surpassed anything produced in other towns. We find a sequence of brilliant names—Albrecht Dürer, the most celebrated German painter, Adam Krafft, the sculptor, Peter Vischer, the metal-caster, Veit Stoss, the wood-carver, Wenzel Jamnitzer, the goldsmith, Veit Hirschvogel, the stained-glass artist, Martin Behaim, the bold navigator and producer of the first globe, and last but not least Hans Sachs, the Meistersinger.

Important inventions were made, such as how to make watches, clocks, wire, guns.[1] The discovery of the sea route to East India had by no means such an unfavourable effect upon the trade of Nürnberg and Augsburg as one is apt to think. The real root of the trouble was the establishment of Italian agencies in the town itself, the closer trade relations of Holland and Spain in the second half of the sixteenth century, and the high tolls and taxes imposed by the neighbouring countries. The atrocities of the Thirty Years War, the emigration of many citizens trying to find a living elsewhere, the continual occupation by either Prussians, Austrians or French, and their levy of exorbitant contributions, took the last of the price-

[1] In 1515 Recknagel invented the wheel lock for guns, and Hans Lobsinger made the first air-gun in 1560.

less treasures stored in the ' Zeughaus ' out of the town. The final blow was inflicted by Napoleon's continental blockade, and the liabilities of the town reached the fabulous sum of nine million florins—a bagatelle in our days, of course, but in those times a desperate position.

The salvation, however, came in 1806, when Nürnberg was absorbed by the new kingdom of Bavaria, and the untiring diligence of its inhabitants soon overcame the difficulties, making Nürnberg one of the foremost towns of Bavaria.

I think you will agree with me that Nürnberg is the most picturesque town in the world. The wonderful thing is, that one has not got to look for architectural sensations. They come to you. Almost every house in the quaint old streets is a gem, the churches mostly in Gothic style, other buildings with their steep pointed gables and old beams, the extraordinary colour scheme, which sometimes makes everything look like children's toys or a stage setting. Perhaps you will not like my comparison, but to me Nürnberg is the sister town of Venice; they are both like two fairy tales beginning with ' once upon a time . . .'

When we leave the station we can see nothing of Nürnberg but just the moat, beyond which rises a massive belt of walls and towers surrounding it.

Imagine that you arrive in a train at a modern station where telegrams and air mail can be dispatched where you can hear the puffing, blowing and whistling of the engines, see the signals work, and watch all the hustle and bustle of the twentieth century—and then you are to be faced with a real moat and town

wall, kept in good repair as if to shut out this dashing progress!

Every bridge crossing the moat has a tower guarding its gate, and the principal ones are the Frauentor Turm, the Spittlerturm, the tower on the Neuetor and Janfertor. These mighty guardians of the town were originally square, and on account of their beauty they were considered to be creations of Dürer. They were later made into round towers with conic roofs.

If we cross over the Holzbrücke and pass the old Waffenplatz, we get into the Königstrasse. This stretch is most attractive; the houses look just as though chance had put them there—high, low, with their old-fashioned bay windows and their narrow doors. The two little churches, St. Clara and St. Martha, the old imposing toll building and at the end the beautiful Lorenzkirche with its high steeples is a most impressive view. I very much appreciate the taste of the modern architects of Nürnberg who have endeavoured to keep up the style of the old houses, even in their latest creations; I think it would make me wild, if the line were suddenly broken by one of those modern atrocities, half prison and half palace. The Church of St. Martha is rather hidden between houses, and is very simple. The Meistersingers held their classes in this church. When I entered it for the first time I seemed to have seen it before, but remembered that I saw *The Meistersingers* in Vienna, and it was only the perfect staging in the second act that made me feel I had been there before.

St. Clara is now a Catholic church. It belonged

to the Order of Maria Magdalena. The remarkable glass paintings and the main altar were previously in the Court Chapel at Neumarkt.

The Mauthalle was built by Hans Behaim on the moat of the second fortress wall, and was the corn store of Nürnberg. At the portal are the joined coats of arms of Bavaria and Nürnberg, and a dog as symbol of faithfulness. It was later made into a warehouse. Almost next to it, on the corner between the Corn-market and the Pfannenschmiedgasse is the Zeughaus, and opposite the Mauthalle the Kunstgewerbehaus, built by Paul Pfann, Professor of the Polytechncum in Munich.

The Lorenzkirche is the largest and most beautiful in Nürnberg. According to legend it was built in commemoration of St. Laurentius, a martyr. The Roman choir was replaced by the high Hall choir; between the two steeples, the northern one of which is covered with tiles of gilt metal, is a rose window about 30 feet high, and above it an *à jour* gable, terminating in a little belfry. The marble relief representing the Holy Trinity is on the north side, also the sun-clock made by Sebastian Sperantius. On the west side is a small fountain on the wall showing the devil wringing the neck of a little boy who made fun of him.

The interior is overwhelming, with its three naves and beautiful stained-glass windows, which have different names, derived either from the artists or the donors. The large gilt crucifix is a wooden sculpture by Veit Stoss. The altars on both sides, the Annen altar, the Nikolaus altar, the Krellesche

altar, with pictures by Wolzeunt, the Rochus altar, Wolfgang's altar, Deokar's altar and Johannis altar—every one is the work of an artist. The 'Englische Cruss' is the *chef d'œuvre* of Veit Stoss, and the chandelier is by Peter Vischer. The Sacramentshäuschen is one of the rarest art treasures and the work of Adam Krafft. This delicate work is 60 feet high, and is carried by three kneeling figures representing the Master and two of his journeymen.

Leaving the church by the bridal door, we get to the Tugendbrunnen, a creation of Benedikt Wurzelbauer. The column rising out of the hexagonal basin is adorned with cherubims and lions' heads, and on the column are the principal virtues, represented by women.

Opposite this fountain is the Nassauerhaus—one of the landmarks of Nürnberg. The view that it was a fortified castle in the middle of the town is quite justified by its little towers and balustrades. The lower part and the deep cellars date from the thirteenth century, and the upper part was built by the Patrician Ulrich Ortlieb about 1432 in memory of the fact that the Imperial Crown had been pledged to him for 1,500 gold florins.

From the narrow side facing the church a bay window protrudes in the shape of an octagonal leaf tower, crowned by a pyramid of bas reliefs of religious subjects. The corner is guarded by the statue of an angel under a canopy. The fountain on the house is adorned by a statue of Adolf von Nassau, but I have been told that there is no connexion at all between the latter and the house itself.

Talking of fountains, I must take you to see the Schönebrunnen on the Hauptplatz, which fully deserves its name. It is on the north-west corner of the market-place, and was built by Meister Heinrich dem Parlier (the Elder) about 1385, restored in 1821-4, and repainted by Wallraff 1902-3. It consists of a stone pyramid of three stories—about 58 feet high—which rises from the octagonal fountain basin. On the eight corners are stone pillars, and between these open-arched windows. Each story ends in a gallery. The third story carries a slender pyramid and a mermaid with the Nürnberg eagle. On the pillars of the lower story are the nine strong heroes: Hector, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Joshua, David and Judas Maccabeus, Clodwig, Charlemagne and Gottfried von Bouillon, which, by the way, I always thought an extraordinary selection. The eight others, Moses and the seven Prophets, adorn the columns of the middle story. Round the fountain is a beautiful trellis of wrought iron (Renaissance).

Another interesting fountain is the Neptunbrunnen on the market, which is really a copy, as the original was sold in 1779, when the town was in great financial distress, to Czar Paul of Russia, who placed it in front of Peterhof Castle. On the east side of the market is the Marienkirche, or Frauenkirche, the oldest Gothic building in the whole of Franconia. It was built in 1355 by order of Emperor Charles VI on the site of a synagogue, and was returned to the Catholics in 1816. The vestibule, the 'Paradies' and all the pointed niches in the arcs contain statues of saints, angels, patriarchs, and in the corners four sibyls, on

the south side the patrons of Nürnberg, Laurentius and Sebaldus. Above the vestibule is the Michael Chapel, and in one of its niches a clockwork called the Männlein, which works at twelve noon. It was made in 1509, but had to be replaced; only the emperor and the trumpeters are genuine.

The nave is supported by four columns painted with pictures of apostles and patriarchs. The windows represent the way to Calvary in late Gothic style by Professor T. Klein of Vienna. The Triumph arch between the nave and the choir contains a Crucifixion group by Ziegler of Nürnberg. Between the choir and nave is a beautiful gate. The Tryptichon is an altar painting dedicated to the Karthäuser Convent by the family Tucher, and represents the Annunciation, the Crucifixion and Resurrection.

Behind this church on the Obstmarkt is the Gänsemännchenbrunnen by a pupil of Peter Vischer, representing a peasant carrying two geese spouting water from their beaks.

The Town Hall is between Rathausplatz and Theresienstrasse, of which the oldest parts are the Grosse Saal, fourteenth century, the Renaissance wing, and the south-east wing. The Renaissance part opposite the St. Sebaldus Church, built in 1616 by Jacob Wolf, junior, and his brother Hans, shows a leaning towards Paladio, the great master of the Italian Renaissance. In spite of its length (about 250 feet) the front is not monotonous; there are three large doors, and perhaps the three tower-like additions have been made to relieve the impression of uniformity. The new Italian building should have formed a square and replaced

the old parts of the town hall, but the Thirty Years War prevented this project. The old town hall was built in Gothic style in 1332, and rebuilt by Hans Behaim.

The three doors of the Renaissance part, facing St. Sebaldus Church, are formed by Dorian columns. Above these on the middle door are the statues of Justice and Learning; above the doors, on either side, Ninus and Cyrus, Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar respectively. The pelican feeding its brood with its own blood is presumably meant to set an example to the councillors to sacrifice themselves for the benefit of the people. The plastics above the middle door are by Christoph Jamnitzer and Joachim Toppmann, and those of the side doors by Leonard Kern, and have been renewed in the last decades.

Between the two main portals is a large crossed arc hall, closed right and left by two beautiful gates.

The Grosse Rathaus Saal occupies the whole length of the south side, is two stories high, and still belongs to the oldest part of the town hall. From the wood-carved ceiling hangs the magnificent candelabra made by Hans Wilhelm Behaim, while the two others are copies to match. The stained-glass windows are Veit Hirschvogel's work, and the paintings on the wall are sketched by Albrecht Dürer and executed under his directions by his pupils. In the passages of the first floor the ceiling is in stucco, and represents mythological scenes from Ovid's Metamorphosis.

The little Saal or Prunksaal on the second floor has a lovely oak-panelled ceiling with paintings by Paul Juvenell. On the south wall is a painting by

FLEISCHBRÜCKE LOOKING TOWARDS HAUPTMARKT, NÜRNBERG

Wanderer, representing Nürnberg in its golden era, and on the east walls are the principal works of famous Nürnberg artists. There is also a good reproduction of the celebrated Tafelaufsatz by Wenzel Jamnitzer (the original of which is to be seen in the Château de Chantilly).

The great courtyard is one of the most picturesque spots, with a delightful fountain formed by Corinthian columns with ramsheads and dolphins, and crowned by a little boy holding a flag.

In the small courtyard are the famous Loch Gefängnisse (hole prisons), the torture-chamber and the entrance to the underground passage built in 1543 and still well preserved. From here you can get under the Burgstrasse to the Burgzwinger—and we may as well go and have a look at the Burg while we are so near.

This is the old castle of Nürnberg and must have been the heart of the town. It rises on the north edge of the old town on a steep rock plateau, the red stone of which is visible. The widespread buildings, towers, gates and walls are quite irregular, and have obviously been added gradually in accordance with requirements. This is the great attraction of these buildings—that they have not been carefully laid out according to plan, but that everyone seems to have built just what they needed and as they thought fit. There is a most beautiful view on the tower, far over the country, and you will agree with me that the Burggrafen of Nürnberg were certainly to be envied. There are three distinct groups of buildings: the east part, the Kaiserstallung with the Luginsland; the

middle part, the remainder of the Burggrafenburg, the five-cornered tower; and the western section formed by the apartments of the 'Amtmann', an office which only exists in Germany, and the Kaiserburg. The Kaiserstallung is a colossal building with high tiled roof built by Hans Behaim as a corn-store; on its eastern side is the Luginsland with four small corner towers, which was built by the Nürnberg citizens to watch what was going on in the Burggrafenburg. The latter was the seat of the Burgraves of Nürnberg, of the house of Hohenzollern, 1191-1427, and between them and the town constant feuds were in progress until, in 1420, the place was stormed and burnt down. In 1427 the town bought the ruins and several other lands from the Burgraves. The five-cornered tower contains the torture-chamber and the famous iron lady.

A beautiful view is obtained from the ramparts next to this tower of the Knoblauchsland, meaning garlic country, a name quite unjustified, as I could never detect the slightest association with the name, and the air is sweet and pure. There is a romantic story attached to this rampart invariably told by the guides in a dramatic fashion, and as you are seeing the place under my guidance, I may as well stick to tradition.

On the rampart you will find impressions in the stone of horseshoes, which are said to have been left when the Raubritter Epplein von Gaillingen, who was under sentence to be hanged, as a grace asked to be allowed to mount his favourite charger for the last time. As the gate was well guarded, his wish was granted, but as soon as he was in the saddle he spurred his horse, and before the guards could recover from

their surprise, he was over the wall and in safety. The old saying ' Die Nürnberger hängen keinen sie hätten ihn denn zuvor '—or, in other words, ' Don't count your chickens . . .'—has its origin in this episode.

Before we leave the Burg we must have one glance into the upper of the two chapels situated one above the other. It was built by order of Barbarossa towards the end of the twelfth century, and is called the Kaiserkapelle. The entrance is from the Burg through an ante-room and oratorium, and contains excellent woodcarvings and paintings of the Last Supper, the Birth and Adoration of Our Lord by artists of the Niederrheinische Schule, and a sculptoring in stone of the crossing of the Red Sea. A small winding staircase leads past the oratorium into the banqueting hall, which was re-decorated in 1905 by Professor Selzer according to sketches by Wanderer. The adjoining rooms contain beautiful paintings, stained-glass windows and wonderful stoves. The ceiling in the audience room has a magnificent painting, with the crest of Charles V.

There are so many parts of the castle still to be seen that I really prefer not to describe them, or we may think we shall never be able to leave this interesting old place, and perhaps it is sometimes more amusing to explore instead of having to follow a programme. Also, we are wayfarers and not the type of sight-seers who fall upon a town like a swarm of locusts devouring everything there is.

I am now going to take you to see houses, not just ordinary habitations of citizens, but buildings which, in spite of their historic importance, have kept this

modest name. There is the Toplerhaus in the Panierplatz, for instance, a tower-like building, dating about 1590, in high Renaissance and Gothic motives. The bay windows, with their little helmet-like roofs, are most attractive. The Grolandhaus (1489) was the seat of the patrician family of Groland. Turning the corner of the Schildgasse, we find No. 23, the house with the golden shield in which the first chapters of 'The Golden Bull' were prepared in 1356 by Karl IV, dealing with the election and coronation of German kings. Opposite the Egidien Kirche is a real gem, the Pellerhaus, one of the few buildings leaning towards Baroque, with its extraordinary gable crowned by a statue of Jupiter. The large halls extend over a length of three floors, giving on to the square courtyard, and reminding one of the Italian *palazzi*. The Tucherhaus or Tucher Schlösschen was built in 1533-44, at the beginning of the Renaissance period. The courtyard is remarkable for its winding staircase-tower, with two little side towers peeping out of its roof.

A few steps farther is the Hirschvogelsche Haus. Its construction and interior decoration is a masterpiece of Peter Flötner. The Fembohaus with a Renaissance gable is crowned with a Fortuna statue, just facing No. 15, Burgstrasse and the Scheurlsche Haus with the Kaiserstübchen, where Kaiser Maximilian lived when he was Roman King; also the Duke of Alba stayed there during the Inquisition.

In the Winklerstrasse, No. 20 is the house where Dürer was born, but from 1509 up to his death he lived in the Albrecht Dürerhaus on the corner where

the Albrecht Dürer Strasse and Berg Strasse meet under the very walls of the Burg, and which was given by the Council to the Dürer Verein.

Next to Dürer's birthplace, just in front of the Fleischbrücke, is a curious old house, the Fleischhaus, with a little fountain on the wall—a feature of all Nürnberg houses. Above the door facing the River Pegnitz is an ox hewn in stone, and the Latin inscription is a proof of the Bavarian sense of humour:

> 'Omnia habent ortus suaque incrementa, sed ecce,
> Quem cernis nunquam bos fuit hic vitulus.'

Speaking of bridges, Nürnberg has two different kinds: those over the moat, and those spanning the Pegnitz in the middle of the town. The Kettensteg leads over the river just where it flows under the wall near the Hallertor. From the Maxbrücke there is a wonderful view up and down the river. Upstream, on the right, is the gloomy Square Wasserturm, former residence of the hangman, the island with the old clothes market, the Unschlitt Haus and Karlsbrücke. Downstream is the Kettensteg and town wall with the Fronfeste. The Maxbrücke leads into the Maximilianplatz, with the beautiful Triton Brunnen, by Browig, which reminds one so forcibly of the Triton fountain by Bernini on the Piazza Barberini in Rome.

Before leaving we must yet see the St. Sebaldus Church, because it is one of the few buildings which shows traces of the Romanesque style and illustrates so clearly the development of architecture from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century. One can still recognize

the original shape of the three-nave Romanesque basilica, in spite of the arches which indicate the beginning of the Gothic era. The west part, with its choir, and the Peters or Löffelholz Kappelle were started about the first half of the thirteenth century. In 1309 the side aisles were enlarged and rebuilt in early Gothic style. The east choir is a marvellous hall, all three naves of even height, much higher than the west part. The two spires clearly prove the changes in architecture, as one of them was started in 1300, the other in 1345, and only more than a hundred years later did they reach their present height of 130 feet or thereabouts.

On the west side (where the steeples are) is a giant crucifix by Wurzelbauer. It is said to have been painted black, so that the glitter of the metal should not attract connoisseurs, which I presume in this case means thieves. Above the door of the southern tower is a good relief of the trial of St. Helen, and in the corner a life-size statue of St. Christopher. The west doorway shows us a lively picture of the Day of Judgment, guarded on either side by statues of St. Peter and St. Catherine. On the Schautür, opposite the Handwerkskammer, is another relief depicting the Day of Judgment. The Schreyersche Grabmal, one of the principal works of Adam Krafft, was dedicated by two families, Schreyer and Landauer, and was finished in 1492. The monument is about 30 feet long and 8 feet high. On the right pillar is Christ carrying the cross, in the middle the Crucifixion. I have never seen the expression of pain so marvellously reproduced as in the faces of Joseph of Arimathea,

Nicodemus and Mary. You expect at any moment to see hot tears rolling from their eyes down the grey, cold stone. The left pillar shows the Resurrection with a wonderful head of Christ.

The bridal door is on the north side, with a dainty ante-room where the couples used to receive the benediction. The statues of the wise and foolish virgins seem to me most appropriate ornaments for this place. The next doorway is the Anschreibetor, and has the figures of Mary and the Archangel Gabriel above a relief of the coronation and death of Mary.

The interior contains many treasures, and it will be impossible for me to describe them all without adopting the methods of a catalogue. I want to mention only a few of the most striking. The Sebaldus Tomb in the middle of the east choir bears an inscription to the effect that it was paid for by pious people. It has been sculptured by Peter Vischer and his sons. The pulpit is carved in oak by Lorenz Rotermundt, and on its column is a copy of Dürer's burial of Christ. The main altar is new; only three upper figures are left from the original old altar. The great crucifix is the last prominent work of Veit Stoss (1520). Two paintings, of the Franconian School, and on the next pillar a small Madonna.

The Tuchersche Tafel is in the northern choir walk —a wonderful picture, and so rich in colours, painted by Hans von Kulmbach, 1513: John the Baptist, St. Peter, Laurentius Hieronimus, with the donor, Lorenz Tucher and Maria Barbara and Catharina. Next to it hangs the memorial tablet of the Tucher

family, and under the wood-carving burns the eternal light dedicated by Sebald Tucher.[1]

The stained-glass windows are perfect, and the five most important ones are the Bambergische Fenster, the Maximilians Fenster, the Markgrafen Fenster, the Pfinzingische Fenster and the Volckamer Fenster.

On the north side of the church is the Leebneder Pfarrhaus, a charming Gothic building with bay windows, and the Moritz Capelle, a simple one-nave building in red brick. As we are so close by we can just have a meal in the famous Bratwurstglöcklein. This is a very ancient tavern, and is supposed to have been the rendezvous of Hans Sachs, Dürer, Peter Vischer and other Nürnberg celebrities.

There is still a lot to see, and many things which I did not describe and which fully justify the fact that Nürnberg is called the treasure-chest of Germany. I assume, however, that, once you have been to Nürnberg, it will call you again and again—especially those of you in whose heart the desire for real beauty has not been killed by the humdrum of everyday life.

[1] The brass lamp was cast in 1567.

CHAPTER IX

TWO TOWNS ON THE DANUBE

The Danube — Regensburg — The Dom — The Niedermünster—St. Cassian and St. Emmeram—The chapter-house and the palace—The Town Hall—The Walhalla—The Befreiungshalle—Passau—Navigation on the Danube—The Bishops' residency—The Promenadeplatz—The Römerwehr—A trip on the Danube.

THE Danube rolls through Bavaria from Ulm as far as Passau, a distance of almost 600 miles. It is the only German stream which is self-willed and has declined to flow into the North Sea. It seems to have set its course towards east, right from its source in the Black Forest, to have made no attempt to break through the Jura or the Böhmerwald, but to have chosen wisely some of the most perfect landscape as its setting. It is a wonderful river, and although I have never seen it 'blue', not even in Vienna, it certainly has, to my mind, the greatest attraction to offer. I like to mention Ulm, *en passant*, because this is just the frontier between Württemberg and Bavaria, and perhaps one of the few places where there is a distinct cæsura between the

two provinces which, as I mentioned before, almost melt into one. Ulm has a mighty minster, the oldest Gothic church in Germany next to the Dom at Cologne. The interior, however, is a disappointment, apart from the magnificent organ recitals, because, although its details are splendid, it lacks the mystic characteristics of the Gothic.

Regensburg is a grand place. It was the old Celtic settlement Ratisbona before it became the Roman fortress Castra Regina, which was the foundation of the present town. It was an important trading centre until Vienna became the key to the Orient. It used to be the residence of Bavarian dukes and bishops; now only a wayfarer will take the time and trouble to inspect the treasures of art and architecture stored here. Indeed, Regensburg is generally overlooked even by wayfarers; there are many travellers who associate the name solely with the delicious little sausage which bears it.

I must admit that from the railway line Regensburg does not make an overwhelming impression, because the country seems flat and uninteresting. The Danube, which here and there runs parallel with the railway and here and there disappears, looks no different from any other river—sluggish, yellow-brown water rolling between two banks. But wait until you come for the first stroll with me, you will have the surprise of your life. You will see a faultless Gothic cathedral. You will stand with me on the old stone bridge across the Danube which has resisted for over eight hundred years the floods of the river and the power of the ice, and you will be amazed by the

radiant view on to the lofty hills of the Winzer Höhe (vineyards) and the Dreifaltigkeitsberg. Two islands of oblong shape divide the Danube into two areas, over which bridges lead into Regensburg.

If we were in Cologne we would naturally pay our first visit to the Dom, and out of reverence to Regensburg's cathedral we must do so here. The foundation-stone of this marvellous building was laid in 1275 by Bishop Leo der Thurndorfer, and the oldest part of it was completed in the thirteenth century. The west wing dates from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The interior is most imposing by its noble simplicity, and the magnificent stained-glass windows throw a magic light on the old stone altars, the draw-well, with its delicate Baldachin, and the wonderful Sacramentshäuschen next to the main altar. The latter are works of W. Roritzer, the accomplished architect who unfortunately got mixed up in politics and was beheaded. There are many monuments in this church, and as each one bears an inscription I need not enumerate them except the one of Bishop Sailer—because King Ludwig ordered that snipes should be chiselled in the stone of the sarcophagus because they were the foundation of the Bishop's luck. I have failed to discover in what way. Near the cathedral is the Niedermünster, a Roman building dating from the twelfth century. The ante-room contains tombstones of abbesses and pictures referring to St. Erhard the Crusader and Boniface. Two other churches well worth seeing are the Carmelite church and the Minoriten Kirche, the former in Italian style.

Very old and quaint is the Church of St. Cassian,

built on the walls of a heathen temple, and when, in 891, the whole town was burnt to ashes, this little church was almost the only building saved, which proves that it must have been built of stone.

St. Emmeram next to the Dom, the *pièce de résistance* of Regensburg, was founded by the Duke Theodor of Bavaria as an atonement for St. Emmeram's murder. A Roman Porticus, with two doors over which is a gallery with alfresco pictures in the niches, leads into the former cemetery. The inner ante-room dates from the second century, and is almost as old as the double portal of the Haupt Kirche, which contains priceless art treasures, pictures, relics, including the Bishop's staff made of ivory, the sight of which makes the visit to Regensburg worth while. In the treasury over the Ramwald tomb is the magnificent sarcophagus of St. Emmeram, which is one of the most marvellous works of the medieval goldsmiths' art.

The abbey and the beautiful cloisters now belong to Princes Thurn and Taxis. The isolated bell tower dates from 1575.

Adjoining the chapter-house is the Palace of the Princes Thurn and Taxis, which can be visited between 11 and 12 a.m., and which contains their picture gallery composed mostly of works of well-known German painters, and a very well stocked cabinet of etchings. Outside the palace is the riding school with a bas relief by Schwanthaler and the Kaiserbrunnen with the crest of the seven Prince Electors.

The town hall has a lovely Gothic portal, and a wonderful staircase leads to the Reichsaal. Of course

it has a chamber of tortures underground with many gruesome instruments of torture—racks, the Spanish donkey and the piked hare, two devices I have not encountered anywhere else where the Inquisition had practised its cruelties. Opposite the town hall is the Dollingerhaus and on the first floor the famous Dollinger Saal. It is said that in 930 a Hun, named Krako, challenged the Christian Knights to a duel. Hans Dollinger accepted the challenge, but only succeeded in killing the boastful Hun in the third round after the Emperor Heinrich had held up a crucifix, and in so doing had broken the evil spell. In the Donaustrasse we find the house where the celebrated astronomer Kepler lived and died.

The house where the rich patrician family of Auer resided is in the Ludwigstrasse; they owned the whole of the north side of this street. The private chapel, in beautiful Gothic, is very interesting.

The inn, ' Zum Goldenen Kreuz ' on the Haidplatz, has been the scene of the romantic love affair of Karl and Barbara Blomberg. You can still see the memorial tablet with a portrait of ' Don Juan of Austria ' over the ground floor of the tower.

One day of our stay in Regensburg we must devote to an excursion to the Walhalla, the magnificent building erected by King Ludwig I in memory of notable men and women of Germany. We can take the way via Donaustauf, the ruins of the former summer residence of the Bishops of Regensburg, and then gradually ascend to Walhalla in about twenty to twenty-five minutes. The temple stands on a terraced base, of which the first part is built in the way of the

cyclop or polygon walls out of Dolomite blocks. The temple is constructed, like the Parthenon, in Dorian style of unpolished white Untersberger marble. The whole complex is about 170 feet high, and the ensemble of the white marble and the patina of the copper roof give a lovely colour scheme from the distance. The squares in the gables contain magnificent marble groups by Schwanthaler representing battle scenes. The floor of the interior is composed of a marble mosaic with inscriptions relating to the foundation and history of the building. Klenze, the constructor of the Walhalla, also built its pendant, the Befreiungshalle (Liberation Hall) on the Michelsberg. This was inaugurated on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Leipzig (1863). The lights fall through the cupola into the rotunda and produce a wonderful effect.

We return now to the opposite bank of the Danube and continue by rail, passing Straubing, the Sarvio Durum of the Romans, and the stone bridge from which the unfortunate Agnes Bernauer, the Angel of Augsburg as she was called, was thrown into the Danube (1435). From Straubing to Passau the Danube turns south in many serpentines, and the country is delightful. After a final big bend, Passau lies before us. Situated on the confluence of the Inn, Ilz and Danube and crowned by the fortress Oberhaus, it was a fortified Celtic settlement and secured by Roman camps, one of which, Castra Batava, gave the town its name. The town was repeatedly destroyed and rebuilt, and the episcopate was founded by Boniface. Navigation on the Danube begins at Passau, and

many steamers, barges and rafts can be seen going down the river to Linz, the capital of Upper Austria. It must be remembered that just outside Passau the Austria territory begins, a few feet beyond the large Elisabeth bridge over the Inn.

I want to draw your attention to the extraordinary idea of shipping the people have in this part of the world. As the transport upstream is rather costly as far as fuel is concerned, many of the rafts, and even rowing boats, are purposely built of cheap wood, in order to save labour as well as material. They are sold at their destination as firewood and the return trip is saved. The boats are all flat-bottomed and have curious shapes. These shapes are named according to their places of origin: Wachauer Gams, Siebener Zille, Regensburger Gams, Rosenhainer Plätte, Schwaben Plätte, Trauner Plätte (Traunerl); the latter is also used on the Upper Austrian and Bavarian lakes and is most difficult to handle. The only oar is very large and attached to the stern, and I remember my first attempts in one of these things, going round in wide circles until I discovered the trick.

Unless you are tired by now of always seeing the churches first, I will take you to the Dom, a basilica with three naves, built in the second half of the fifth century and restored in 1662 in Renaissance style; after the restoration rich ornaments and lovely alfresco paintings and a cupola steeple were added. There are six chapels dating from various periods in different styles, but I think that you will be able to find out all these details yourselves, and that is why I spare you the analysis.

I very much like the old residency of the Bishops, because it is so very old and one can see how it has been enlarged from century to century since 898. The New Palace is also very attractive, and must have been rather a nice place for the Bishops of Passau to live in. It is in Italian style and has a wonderful gallery adorned by magnificent bas reliefs and statues. Another building in Italian style is the Royal Post, formerly belonging to Count Starhemberg. Two squares in Passau are particularly charming: the Domplatz with the Max Josef I monument, and the Residenzplatz with a fountain spouting round a marble column crowned by a statue of Maria.

The Promenadeplatz, where the theatre and the Redoutensaal stand, is equally fascinating. The latter was built by the Prince Bishop J. von Auersperg, and it must have been a lovely sight to watch the dances and fancy-dress balls of the olden days in this spacious room.

From the Römerwehr, built as a defence against the devastating attacks of the Hungarians, we can have a beautiful view on the Danube and the Inn valley, and there are not many German towns which can compete with Passau as far as position and views are concerned. I always feel inclined to compare it with Coblenz.

Although it would really take us outside the Bavarian frontiers, I suggest making the trip down the Danube from Passau to Linz because of the wonderful scenery along the mighty stream. The steamers of the D.D. (Donau Dampfschiffahrts Gesellschaft) are very comfortable, and it is so restful

PASSAU—THE 'ALTSTADT' AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER INN

FRAUENINSEL, CHIEMSEE

to glide along, sitting in an easy chair and just look and enjoy the view. We can return by train a few hours from Linz, and I am more than certain you would not have liked to miss this trip on the Danube for anything.

CHAPTER X

THE LAKES

The Ammersee and Hersching—The Starnbergersee and places on its shores—The Staffelsee and Murnau—The Kochelsee and the Walchensee—From Garmisch to Mittenwald—The Tegernsee and the Schliersee—The Chiemsee—The Königsee.

THOUGH I have heard many people going into raptures over the Swiss lakes, seen most alluring posters depicting the wonderful scenery of the Italian lakes, and even lately read very attractive pamphlets on the Austrian lakes, I have often wondered about the silence concerning the Bavarian lake district. I can assure you it can hold its own in the beauty competition, and I would not be a bit surprised—should the jury be composed of real lovers of Nature—if the verdict would not be warmly in favour of this wonderful stretch of country.

From a bird's-eye view the Bavarian lakes look like a lovely necklace of precious stones of various shapes and colours—emeralds, sapphires, topazes and aquamarines. The green of the woods and the white of the snow-covered mountain peaks provide a setting worthy of such gems. What I love so much about this part of Europe is the total absence of ' beauty commercialized '.

I shall never forget my disgust, when, spending a few weeks in Zermatt, I went, one morning, for a quiet walk by myself. I wanted to get away from the crowd and enjoy the dazzling beauty of the panorama without interruptions in different languages, or the monotonous explanations of tourist office guides. I reached a lonely plateau off the beaten track, and sat there on a rough little bench inhaling beauty. Suddenly I was startled by a voice asking me for fifty centimes, and I perceived a little boy, not three feet high, who said his lesson first in Swiss dialect, then in French, and as a last resource in English. My inquiry as to the legality of this toll was answered by his silently pointing at something at the back of me. Lo and behold, there, about half a mile away in the distance, was a miserable, tiny waterfall, trickling down the mountain-side. I paid the obolus and heard on my return that this waterfall was one of the main assets in the boy's mother's balance sheet.

Such a thing could not happen to you in Bavaria. Of course sight-seeing will always cost money, and it is obvious that small admissions should be charged to view galleries, castles, churches or places where a staff has to be maintained to keep things tidy and clean, and I admit there is no difference between the Bavarian charlady and ours. But it is true that the Bavarian is so proud of the beauty of his country that he is eager you should share it, and he enjoys your enthusiasm whether it be expressed by a tip or not.

I really wonder which of the Bavarian lakes—for there are ever so many—one should see first. Suppose we start with one near Munich, the Ammersee. The

train from Starnberger-Bahnhof rolls through pleasant, hilly country and reaches Herrsching in about two hours, maybe more, maybe less, for that depends on the mood of the engine-driver. It is only a branch line and he may take it easy. The speed on this branch recalls to my mind the anxious hours of waiting in the consulting-rooms of a continental dentist, anticipating torture, looking absent-mindedly at some ancient copy of the *Fliegende Blätter*, which invariably contains jokes and caricatures about Bavarian ' Secondary ' railways, where time counts for little. Yet the country is lovely, fresh, green, and unspoiled, with spick-and-span houses and farms, mostly built in the Swiss chalet style, half stone, half timber. Everything looks so pleased, so content—why should we hurry? Surely an express train dashing along at top speed would only spoil the peace of this happy valley.

The best point on the Ammersee is undoubtedly the Andechs Monastery, a famous place of pilgrimage, and there is also a very fine Rococo convent church in Markt Diessen. Having paid your visit, you can return to Munich the same evening and prepare for a real tour in the Bavarian lake district. We had better be independent of time-tables, hotels, evening dress, and just stop where we like and skip what may not appeal to the mood of the moment.

It is thirty minutes' run by the electric Mittenwaldbahn to the Starnbergersee, one of the largest of the Bavarian lakes. It is twelve and a half miles long and in some places three miles wide. The mountains do not slope closely to its shores; here they keep in the distance. It is something of a ' residential ' lake

SCHLIERSEE WITH VIEW OF BRECHERSPITZE

EGERN ON THE TEGERNSEE
SHOWING THE BODENSCHNEID

because, on account of the short run from Munich, many people have their country cottages on its beach, mostly in Starnberg, the largest settlement and the first station on the north end. This place, thanks to its breezy position, is the seat of the yachting club. Everything and everybody sails in Starnberg. People even sail when they are shopping, and on a fine morning with the east wind up, you can see the butcher-boy or the baker-boy delivering their goods from a small sailing-canoe. I have often seen such a crowd of white linen-clad boats about, that I have thought of a regatta day at Cowes.

Personally I prefer Feldafing, another fifteen minutes' run farther south. Before reaching Feldafing we come to Possenhofen, which has a charming old castle belonging to the Wittelsbachers, the dethroned rulers of Bavaria. Here the unfortunate Empress Elizabeth of Austria was born. In the lovely park Francis Joseph I is said to have proposed to this dark-haired, silent girl of sixteen. She spent the following twenty-five summers at Feldafing, and the Emperor dedicated a beautiful stained-glass window in the parish church to her memory, following her murder by Lucheni the Anarchist, as she stepped on board a pleasure steamer on the Lake of Geneva. Thus her life began and ended on the shores of a mountain-lake.

Feldafing is an idyllic place. Along the seashore are attractive, detached villas, in beautiful gardens, and many of their owners are members of a large resident colony of artists of all nationalities. The English painter Compton occupies one of these villas, and

Gustav Meyrink, the German Edgar Allan Poe, lives in a lovely mansion just between Starnberg and Feldafing. The great attraction about Feldafing is its real Bohemian life, for there are no conventionalities; nobody cares how you spend your day, whether in a bathing dress that need not be the *dernier cri*, or whether you roam about in the woods, or sleep all day in a hammock. It is a Lido without the fuss.

Opposite Feldafing, across the lake, there is Schloss Berg, built by Maximilian II, and restored by the ill-fated, mad King Ludwig II of Bavaria. Close to the shore is a memorial chapel to him, and in the lake, about ten yards out, a large cross stands to indicate where he was drowned. Curiously enough the people in the district are very reluctant to tell you what actually happened. As far as I could gather from a conversation I had with an old peasant, he attempted suicide during a fit of melancholia. A would-be rescuer was dragged under with him; they were both found entangled in the weeds in a quite shallow place.

There are many beautiful vistas from various points, every one worth visiting. Garatshausen is a remarkable old castle, formerly the residence of the King of Naples and now the property of Princes Thurn and Taxis. It is surrounded by a gorgeous old park. On the Roseninsel—Isle of Roses—there is a charming villa in Pompeian style, and a pergola of roses through the openings of which one can see the Bavarian Alps in the distance, Bernried, and Seeshaupt, the end of the lake.

Our next centre will be Partenkirchen, or as it is called in full Garmisch-Partenkirchen—and I

apologize for any twisting of the tongue. Here in the old Church of St. Barthin a famous historic interview took place between the Emperor Frederick I —Barbarossa—and his cousin, Henry of Saxony, as a result of which the latter in 1180 was dispossessed of his lands. The Chapel of St. Antony contains valuable art works, including an altar painting in Titian's style by Letterini. A fountain dedicated to St. Florian, a Roman soldier who died on the stake under Diocletian, is a symbol of the inhabitants' piety.

On the way is the Staffelsee with Murnau, from which we can visit Schloss Hohenschwangau and other lovely places of which I shall tell. Murnau is also the starting-point of a wonderful motor route that leads to the Kochelsee and the Walchensee, the latter being one of the deepest Alpine lakes in Bavaria (600 feet). It has an admirable background—the mountains of the Karwendel. Both these lakes are of the silent, lonely type and apt to make you feel gloomy. I would not choose a ' liverish ' day to visit them.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen itself is only ninety minutes by train from Munich, and lies in a valley about three miles wide, guarded by four giant mountains, the Dreitorspitze, Alpspitze, Wettersteinwand and the Kremser. In the distance towers the highest peak in Germany, the Zugspitze, which is 9,633 feet high. No wonder that this place is the paradise of the Alpinist, an ideal centre for climbing in summer and ski-ing in winter.

The roads are in perfect condition for motoring, and it is very easy and cheap to hire a private car to visit the smaller picturesque lakes in the neighbourhood,

Eibsee, Rissersee, and Badersee, each attractive in a different way. The latter lies amidst towering peaks which seem to isolate it from the turmoil of the outer world; in the brilliant emerald hue of its transparent crystalline waters, the white gleaming crest of the Zugspitze and the rocky walls of the Waxensteine and glistening glaciers are reflected.

From Garmisch-Partenkirchen it is only a 'step' by rail to Mittenwald, an altitude of 3,000 feet, at the foot of the Karwendel, and on the banks of the River Isar, the 'Isar rolling rapidly' of a famous English song. Mittenwald is a humble village in Upper Bavaria, but famous for the traditional skill of its modest inhabitants in making violins and zithers, which are the popular instruments of the peasants in Bavaria and the Tyrol.

A zither looks like a small harp, but rests in a horizontal position on a table, or on the knees of the musician, who uses the left hand to 'stop' the melody strings: the accompaniment is plucked by the middle fingers of the right hand, while the melody is played by a plectrum on the right thumb. Mittenwald has been called the 'German Cremona', and the art of instrument-making is taught in this old-world village in a State school founded in 1684 by a local violin-maker named Klotz, whose statue you can see in the market square. Here also we find some charming lakes, the Ferchensee, Lautersee, Soiernsee, each breathing romance and beauty. Mittenwald is close to the Austrian frontier, where the Bavarian Alps unite with the Tyrolese Alps in a silent surrender, much in contrast to the strifes and hatreds here prevalent a century

ago. This mountain pass was one of the main gates through which the Bavarian Armies, with Napoleon's soldiers, invaded the Tyrol so heroically defended by its peasants, led by Andreas Hofer. This gallant captain evaded capture for many months, until he was betrayed by one of his countrymen, and taken to Mantua and shot in 1809.

The railway communications are not very good once one has got to Mittenwald, the large mountain ranges having in many cases rendered the building of lines impossible. In order to reach the next group of lakes, I am afraid I have to take you a second time over a little of the same ground, but I do not regret it. Things already seen will have an entirely different aspect. At the hour of sunset, with the ' Alpenglueher '—Alpine glow—and everything steeped in shades of crimson, the reflection of those red mountains in the Kochelsee, or the Walchensee, will produce gay colourings and wake in us a wholly altered mood.

Anyway, we have got to Bichl, the junction for Bad Tölz and the Tegernsee and Schliersee, and certainly we must not miss these. The former is one of the loveliest lakes in Bavaria, its waters of a wonderful blue, in which the surrounding mountains and green pine woods are mirrored. This is the district chiefly selected by painters, and it has inspired poets to make the Bavarian Alps famous. Ludwig Thoma, whose novels, plays and stories of Bavarian peasant life remind one of George A. Birmingham's descriptions of Irish country life, had a house on the Tegernsee, and I remember how angry he always was when he had to leave his sanctuary and visit his publishers in

Munich—he imagined he could not breathe anywhere else.

The peasants in this part of Bavaria are particularly proud of their native dress. It is very becoming. The men wear leather shorts, made of chamois skins and gaily stitched in green, a shirt open at the neck, or fastened by a tie of bright green or red, green braces, or else a wide leather belt. Their grey or green stockings should be the delight of every wife or mother, because they have no heels or toes to darn. These stockings begin above the ankle and end below the knee. Their hats are wide-brimmed velours in black or green with a fluffy white feather, about six to eight inches long, stuck into the band. When they wear their hats back to front, it is very serious; it means they are out to fight.

The hats of the women are similar, though they never advertise their combative moods. Their skirts are long, wide, and in different colours, and their white blouses are long-sleeved. A black velvet corsage laced with gold cords and tassels, and an apron in bright shiny silk, complete their dress. Bavarian women have beautiful jewellery, consisting of quaint necklaces, heavy gold chains and brooches, hatpins of extraordinary size and shape, bracelets and lots of others trinkets. They are generally of the fair-haired, blue-eyed type, and their hair is worn as a crown of plaits. I fancy that shingling would be regarded as a crime. The whole colour scheme is extremely picturesque, and when they dance their ' Ländler ' or ' Schuhplattler ', which, by the way, are much more difficult to learn than the Blues or the Charleston, it

is a wonderful sight to watch the wide skirts swinging round, and round, and round, until the spectator is almost giddy. The dancers have a great sense of rhythm, and their clapping of hands, yoddling, and shrill ' Juchuh ! ! ' are simultaneous, as if it were all a stage dance performed after many rehearsals.

Schliersee, the largest place on the banks of the Schliersee, was formerly only a small monastery erected by four pious monks at the beginning of the eighth century. The village and the lake are admirably situated, enclosed by a belt of lofty peaks. In the Schliersee Peasants' Theatre, founded by Conrad Dreger, are produced all the old peasant plays. The subjects are generally *variations sur le même air;* a typical theme is a terrible tragedy about a fair maiden, with her lover, a faithful, loyal gamekeeper, and the villain, invariably, a dangerous, wicked poacher. The Stock Company of the Schlierseer Bauern Theater go on tour regularly. It is one of the features of the October Fest in Munich.

From Schliersee we take the train to Holzkirchen, from where, via Rosenheim, we arrive at the Chiemsee, the Eldorado of landscape painters. This lake is a perfect gem. It is called the Bavarian Sea, because the smooth waters are sometimes lashed to sudden fury by squalls of wind from the valleys. It is the largest lake in Bavaria, eleven miles long and seven miles wide. After arriving at Prien railway station, we cross this wide water-plain surrounded by the idyllic mountains of the Chiemgau to the Herren Insel, which has the castle Herrenchiemsee, built by King Ludwig II as a copy of Versailles. There is also the

Fraueninsel, the residence of many generations of painters. After a visit to the very interesting convent where Margaretha Maultasch, Feuchtwanger's 'Ugly Duchess', took refuge and is said to have ended her days, we return to the station.

The Königsee (King's Lake), which should be really translated King of Lakes if a name is to illustrate, is reached either from Prien via Übersee, Traunstein and Freilassing, close to Salzburg and the Austrian frontier, or by the electric tram-cars from Berchtesgaden. It is shut in by stupendous cliffs rising from its waters, and in the distance the rocky mass of the Watzmann, 9,500 feet high, and the peaks of the Steinernes Meer, with their eternal snow and ice, glitter in a thousand lights. The waters are of a deep, almost purple blue, and the majestic silence and melancholic beauty of the King of Lakes leaves an impression never to be forgotten. In the little Church of St. Bartholomew, surrounded by a sombre forest of fir trees, there is an eternal light burning on the altar.

I was only a child when I saw this lake first, on a return journey from Venice where I had seen the most wonderful sunsets over the Lagoons, yet all these memories fade away when I think of the Königsee and its stern beauty. It was on a misty September morning that I crossed the lake in one of the flat-bottomed boats which the peasants use and which a man rows with a large oar looking like a spade. Near the famous Painters' Corner the man suddenly whipped out a pistol and fired a shot, and the report had nine perfect echoes and re-echoes. If one can

speak of an echo in one's soul, this lake has produced it in mine. I can still hear the rippling little waves and see the perfect tints of green trees and white glaciers mirrored in the water.

Over a small tongue of land, looking like a forgotten peninsula, lies the Obersee, small in proportion, but idyllic, bathed in sunshine and smiling contentedly.

CHAPTER XI

THE PASSION PLAY OF OBERAMMERGAU

The mountains round Oberammergau—The origin of the Passion Play—The artistic village people—Traditions of Oberammergau—The theatre—A short resumé of the play.

OBERAMMERGAU is one of the loveliest places in the Bavarian Alps. It is within easy reach from Munich. We take the train from the Starnberger-Bahnhof in Munich and travel alongside the beautiful Starnberger See as far as Murnau, a distance of two and a half hours. Here we change into an electric branch line to Oberammergau, passing idyllic mountain villages and reaching the station in an hour's time from Murnau.

Quite apart from the Passion Play which takes place every ten years in Oberammergau, this little mountain village deserves notice. It is perched on green slopes which gradually develop into the rocky forerunners of the mighty peaks of the Ammergebirge. The main valley of this mountain chain, the Lindertal and Graswangtal, is one of the most beautiful highland valleys of Bavaria, and, if I may say so, virgin soil as far as fashion is concerned. It begins at the Hundingshütte, near the Austrian frontier, at

'THE CRUCIFIXION'

'THE LAST SUPPER'

OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY

an altitude of 3,300 feet, and runs first in a north-eastern direction, then, after turning sharp to the north, continues its course due east. On both sides this valley is framed by huge mountain chains of which the Northern culminates in the Klammspitze (5,755 feet). The Southern chain, with even higher peaks, runs as far as the Geierköpfe (6,000 feet), when it joins the Ettal and gradually slopes down into the Loisachtal.

By making Oberammergau a centre for excursions, all these bold rocky towers, starting from the Ettaler Mandl and the Kofel—the emblem of Oberammergau—up to the Pürschling, the Teufelstisch, the Hennenkopf and the Brunnenkopf, can easily be reached in leisurely walks over meadows and through beautiful, silent woods. By spending a night in one of the many very comfortable Alpine huts, we can extend our walks almost over the whole range of mountains round the valley, and so enjoy the perfect views afforded into the Swabian plateau, the whole Lindertal and the Zugspitze, the Wetterstein and the Karwendel Mountains.

Oberammergau was first of all a Roman camp in the narrow gorge of the valley between Laber and Kofel. It is told that when the Romans came over the Ettaler Berg and saw the rocky tower they yelled ' Ad Covelicas ', and named the place for the rest and recreation which they found there. After the fall of the Roman Empire the road from Verona to Augsburg became a transport road of great commercial value. Amongst other privileges the right of transportation of goods from Partenkirchen to Schongau

was granted in 1332 by Kaiser Ludwig, and benefited Oberammergau to a great extent, until the wars of the subsequent century involved the peace-loving and scantily populated valley too, destroyed the flourishing trade, and transformed its prosperity into abject poverty.

The origin of the Passion Play dates back to 1329, when the Emperor Ludwig returned from Italy to Germany. He had taken with him from the Eternal City a small Madonna statue of the finest ivory, which was so much admired that the tale goes that an Angel had brought it from Heaven.

While Ludwig travelled along the old Roman road to Partenkirchen, and near Oberammergau entered the desert of mountains surrounding this little Alpine village, it is said that the statue suddenly grew so heavy in his hands that he could hardly hold it any longer. His charger stopped dead and pawed the ground three times; no cajolery, nor whip nor spurs could induce the horse to move on. The Emperor interpreted this as a sign from Heaven, and made a resolution to build a convent on the site near the place indicated by divine command. He carried out his vow, and the foundation-stone was laid in April of the following year. When the building was completed he housed in it twenty Benedictine monks and thirty married knights with their wives and families. To this half-monastic and half-worldly place he gave the most extraordinary statutes, all in accordance with his eccentricity.

You will still find on the high altar of the wonderful convent church in Ettal the statue of the Virgin

with the Child which Ludwig had entrusted to the care of the monks. Although he was continually at war with the Pope, the Emperor considered himself a staunch Catholic and a true believer. No other prince before him had made such large donations to churches and convents, and had given them so many privileges as he accorded.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, when the middle classes began to take an interest in poetry and open their Meistersinger schools, the monks of Ettal, in co-operation with those from the convent of Rottenbuch, started to produce the Passion Play. It was at first on a very primitive scale. There was no stage or theatre of any description, and the costumes were far from being elaborate. These performances, however, are said to have laid the foundation of German drama.

When the wars of the fifteenth century had impoverished the population of Oberammergau, when their cattle had been led away by the conquering armies, the meadows trampled by horses and the scanty crops of wheat exhausted, the plague arrived in Bavaria and swept over the country to take what war had left to take. It was in these days of distress and anxiety that the Abbot of Rottenbuch made a vow that if Oberammergau was spared from the plague, he would arrange a performance of the Passion Play every ten years as a sign of gratitude. His prayers were answered, and although the country round Oberammergau was almost depopulated by this terrible disease, there was not a single case in the village itself.

The traffic with Italy had awakened early the instinct and love for art in the heart of the peasant of Oberammergau. This was very fortunate, as they had now to think of another means of livelihood. The monks of Rottenbuch had started wood-carving, and taught this art to the children who visited their school. The people of Oberammergau soon developed their own ideas and also began to make pottery. At the same time the Passion Play was improved from performance to performance, and began to draw travellers from Augsburg, Nürnberg and other towns in the neighbourhood, even from the far countries of Central Europe. I presume in those days the play took place in connexion with a sort of fair, where many articles made by the inhabitants were purchased as souvenirs by the tourists. This has not changed since, only there is no fair, but very nice and neat shops where you can buy everything possible and imaginable that can be carved out of wood, from a rolling-pin and a cooking-spoon to a bust of Bernard Shaw, or from a tea-service to vases and flower-pots in any colour or shape.

Oberammergau is now a larger village of about 2,000 inhabitants, and when you assist at one of the performances, you will realize that at least 75 per cent. of its population take part in the play. The various parts have been handed down from generation to generation. That means if the part of one of the Apostles has been played by a member of a certain family ever since the first performance in 1634, this part has always been played by either a direct descendant or at least a blood relation of the same

clan, and to give it up to some ' outsider ' would be a violation of Oberammergau's most sacred tradition.

The part of Christ for the last thirty years has been acted by Anton Lang, the Master Potter, but I hear that at the next performance it will have to be played by somebody else—Anton Lang is now too old to personify a man of thirty. There are two competitors in the final selection, one a distant cousin of Anton Lang, a worker in a saw-mill, the other the actor who played the part of John the Baptist in 1922, and will certainly retain it, should the selection go against him.

Several years ago I was told by the innkeeper of a small wayside inn in Tiefenkastel, on the road to St. Moritz, that Anton Lang would have to retire from playing the lead, and that the people of Oberammergau were rather hard pushed to find somebody whose features were suitable for the part. The man's version was that he had been approached to take this part, which rather surprised me, knowing that the good people of Oberammergau would never have a stranger act Christ in their Passion Play. Although the innkeeper really had features of classic beauty, I seemed to have looked very sceptical, and my argument that the part of Christ will never be played by a man with dark hair like his, was dismissed with the assurance that at the appointed time his hair and beard would have the conventional auburn colour. Now that I miss his name on the list of candidates, I begin to wonder whether he had a warning in time, before starting to use peroxide.

The performances begin in May and are on fixed dates. There are three in May, five in June, nine in

July, ten in August, and six in September. It is always important to know the exact days, on account of booking seats and accommodation. Although the theatre holds 5,000 spectators, we may just as well arrange our visit to Oberammergau for a time convenient to us and in accordance with our other plans. There are three classes of seats ranging from ten shillings to one pound, but the theatre is constructed in such a manner that one can see from every place in the house. The play begins at 8 a.m. and ends at 6 p.m. The luncheon interval begins at about noon and lasts two hours.

The theatre is in horseshoe shape and is covered, but the stage is an open-air one, with many up-to-date devices for lighting effects. I had a look behind the scenes one year when I came to Oberammergau as a tourist. Had I been on an inspection of one of the modern film studios in the heart of a large city, I should not have been in the least surprised to find such a variety of up-to-date electric machinery for illumination; but in the peaceful old-fashioned mountain village of Oberammergau it seemed almost uncanny. Yet that is nothing to the obstacles that the people of Oberammergau had to overcome almost from the day of their first performance. Sometimes the permission to play had to be fought for, in spite of the privilege in 1781 which gave them the exclusive right to perform the Passion Play. They were cut off by floods, and all their goods and chattels were destroyed. A great fire broke out and destroyed the score of the music to the play, which had to be written again by the composer, Rochus Dedler. Wars called

the actors to arms and the spectators were prevented from travelling. Through all tribulations the people of Oberammergau managed to be faithful to their vow and to keep up their traditions.

The original words of the play were written by J. A. Daisenberger, an ecclesiastical councillor of Oberammergau, but they have since been revised and altered by the leading teachers and clergy of Oberammergau.

The orchestra is composed of fifty people, and the choir of forty members, and each of the seventeen acts of the three parts of the play, as well as the finale, begin with a chorus or a prologue.

The leading actors represent Christ, Mary, his mother, the twelve Apostles, including Judas. There are also Joseph of Arimathea, Pontius Pilate, Caiaphas, the High Priest, the five Pharisees, the traders in the Temple, the two thieves, Roman soldiers and many more small parts, which are all marvellously acted. I have never seen such crowd work as they produce in Oberammergau, and the first glimpse of this we receive in the scene of Jesus' entry into Jerusalem, with which the actual play begins after a prologue by the chorus and its leader.

The colour scheme, the facial expression of the people in the crowd that partly awaits, partly accompanies Jesus when he makes his entry into Jerusalem on the donkey, the frantic waving of palm leaves, is really too wonderful for words. In the next scene one sees Christ overturning the money changers' and dealers' tables in the Temple, the rage of the traders, the High Priests' amazement at this audacity, and the

council of the Pharisees as to how they may entrap Christ. The next scene begins with the parting at Bethany. Mary Magdalene anoints Christ, and Judas grumbles at the waste of oil. The farewell scene between Jesus and his mother Mary is wonderfully acted; never have I seen a mother's love and anxiety so reproduced in every vibration of a voice and every movement of a face. As Jesus goes with his disciples towards Jerusalem, his grief and tears over the faithless city is overwhelming. While two of his disciples prepare the Passover lamb, one sees Judas meditating about his betrayal of the Master. Before long Dathan persuades him to accept the price of thirty pieces of silver, and extorts from him the promise to deliver the Master into the hands of the Pharisees, who set about to plan Jesus' death.

The scene where Christ washes the feet of the twelve Apostles is followed by the Last Supper, which is in colour and pose a *tableau vivant* of Leonardo da Vinci's painting. Christ's farewell, while Judas sneaks away to carry out his betrayal, is the climax of the play. Next one sees Jesus praying in the Garden of Gethsemane, the kiss of Judas, and Christ led away by the soldiers to appear before the High Council. The scene where Jesus is sentenced to death takes place in the early hour of the morning, and the lighting effect is a marvellous piece of stage management. The scene where the maid accuses Peter of 'being one of this Man's followers', Peter's denial of Christ and the crowing of the cock after the third denial is full of dramatic movement. Pilate endeavours to evade his responsibility, washes his

hands in front of the multitude, and at last hands Christ over to the people, for them to do with him as they will.

Judas, aware now of the consequences of his treachery, hangs himself on a tree; this is performed with gruesome reality. The soldiers take Jesus, strip him and put on him a scarlet robe, and when the crown of thorns is placed upon his head, one can feel every thorn pierce through one's heart. They put a reed into his hand, and while they mock and jeer, spitting and striking at him, he is led away bearing the cross. This scene remains to me as the most wonderful and painful of the whole play. One's shoulders ache when Christ breaks down under the load of the cross. A sigh of relief goes through the whole audience when Simon of Cyrene takes up the cross and carries it for the rest of the way to Calvary.

The two last acts are so beautifully acted that it is hard to find words to describe them. Jesus bids farewell to his mother and John the Baptist. The soldiers seize him and nail him to the cross. They likewise crucify the two thieves, placing their cross on either side.

The soldiers remain about the cross. They cast lots for Christ's clothes and pass the sponge with vinegar up to his lips. Then darkness creeps across the stage. The rumbling of thunder is heard, and an eerie light grows and spreads over the background. The veil of the temple is rent, and with the sigh ' It is finished ' Christ bows his head and yields up the Ghost.

The next scene is very beautiful. Christ is taken

down from the cross, his body wrapped in linen and placed in the grave. I have wracked my brain in vain to find words to give you an effective description of the acting of this scene. The sadness in the face of Mary, the gentle handling of the body is really the perfection of acting; in truth it cannot be acting at all, every detail of the agony must be felt, otherwise it could not be displayed in the way it is done.

The play ends with the resurrection of Christ and a triumphant song of the chorus.

The audience is composed of representatives of every nationality and class of people, and if one is able, after so much emotion as the different parts of the play must produce, to watch and study them in the intervals, I am certain you will agree with me there is wide field for psychological study. You may sit next to a tourist who knows nothing about the traditions of Oberammergau, but who had been told it was 'The thing' to go and see. You may sit next to a painter or sculptor, or travel-book writer or reporter. You may have a society woman as your neighbour who sees this play because she wants to have something to talk about. But you also may sit next to the humble Bavarian peasant, or a pious Catholic to whom this Passion Play is in the nature of a pilgrimage. The latter will generally be found in the cheaper seats, and personally I prefer to sit there, where the impression is less likely to be disturbed.

At the time of the play the village is crowded, although there are quite a number of hotels and smaller inns. But the householders let all their spare

OBERAMMERGAU
A WAYSIDE CRUCIFIX

rooms, and I can assure you that they are just as good nosts as they are actors. Your room will be clean, and you can count on a very good breakfast, even on he days when the performances take place. Stage fright is a thing unknown amongst the Actors' Guild of Oberammergau. It may be rather funny to lodge with St. Peter, who has his ear cut off from six to ten imes a month, but I for one would prefer such a odging to an overcrowded hotel.

It is left to your discretion to visit the Passion Play with a conducted tour or to go there as an independent tourist. The advantage here is with the former, as he leading touring agencies have all information and details available, and can fix you up in the way of accommodation as well as tickets for the performance. But whatever you do, please let nothing prevent you from seeing this play once you are on Bavarian soil. It is only once in ten years that you will have the opportunity, so if you have it, do not miss it.

CHAPTER XII

HOLIDAY HAUNTS

Berchtesgaden — Reichenhall — Gross Gmain — Garmisch-Partenkirchen—Winter sports—Oberstdorf—Tegernsee—Bad Tölz—Sonthofen—Bayrischzell—Türkheim.

IN a lovely valley in the south-east corner of Bavaria, enclosed by a belt of snow-capped mountains, lies Berchtesgaden. The Untersberg, the mountain-group which supplies so much of the famous grey marble used for monuments and buildings in Bavarian towns, protects Berchtesgaden from the rough winds which blow through most Alpine valleys. But the air is pure and bracing, and acts as a tonic to tired nerves; and one may revel in the beautiful forests and emerald green meadows which surround the market town.

Berchtesgaden has about 5,000 inhabitants. Apart from its ideal position, there are some very interesting buildings. On the east side of the Schlossplatz, next to the castle is the Stiftskirche, in Romanesque style, completed as early as 1222. Before 1300 a choir in late Gothic style was added and one of the naves was rebuilt in early Gothic. In the Baroque period

the whole building was altered, and only the three lower flights of the two square towers and part of the vestibule still bear traces of the original Italian influence; the remainder has given way to Gothic—especially the choir with its high pointed windows and chairs. The wood-carvings on the altar and pulpit are modern, and so are the glass-paintings, but it is still a very beautiful church, and I can very well understand that, apart from the valuable salt mines of Berchtesgaden, its possession was one of the main ambitions of the Bishops of Salzburg.

The castle was formerly the chapter-house. Opposite we find the Pfarrkirche, a building in Baroque style, with a beautiful relief on the left wall representing the Resurrection of the Dead. Two archways lead to the Marktplatz, from where the Maximilianstrasse takes us to the Gothic Franziskaner Kirche.

I have mentioned the salt mines of Berchtesgaden. As the entrance to the shaft is only about thirty minutes from the market square, we shall certainly not miss the opportunity of a visit and a thorough inspection. These mines were discovered and worked by the Romans. As the works were extended they came to provide a great part of Central Europe with salt, and naturally their possession was the cause of many angry disputes and bitter fights between bishops and kings, and they often figure as a valuable reward in peace treaties.

The mines are quite up to date and fitted with modern machinery and electric light. At the entrance we have to put on brown overalls, and are equipped

with miners' lamps. After these preparations we walk straight ahead for about 400 yards through a gallery called the Ferdinands Stollen. Holding up the lamps, we see the salt veins in the grey stone.

After the Ferdinands Stollen we go up one hundred and twenty-six steps to arrive at the start of the 'shoot'. Going down this shoot is really very amusing. It provides as much fun as an amusement park. At the end of the shoot is the salt lake, illuminated by little flames round its edges which give quite a mystic effect. The stones containing salt are dumped into this lake and the water sucks the salt out of them. When the solution produced in this way contains 26½ per cent. of salt, it is taken in pipelines to huge boilers, where the liquid is evaporated and the salt crystals remain.

We cross the salt lake in a boat. The glittering phosphorescent high walls of stone surrounding it make it seem a subterranean fairy pond.

From the opposite shore we take another shoot down to the Kaiser Franz Saltwell, which is 300 feet under the surface of the earth, and from here we take a lift up to the grotto made of coloured salt crystals. This grotto is lighted by strong lamps of every imaginable colour, and it is as if one was standing on a rainbow —at least this is the impression I received. These salt mines reach as far as the Königsee, and the brine is carried by pipelines as far as Reichenhall, Traunstein and Rosenheim, over steep mountains and across rivers, a distance of twenty-seven hours.

There are lovely walks round Berchtesgaden—so many that I cannot enumerate them all. I would like to mention two in particular. The first is the easy

walk up to the Lockstein (about 2,000 feet), whence the whole panorama of the Alps is spread before your eyes. The frowning Watzmann; the Untersberg, where according to legend Charlemagne is sleeping a magic sleep; the Hohe Göll, behind which lies Salzburg; the Jenner, which seems to be too proud to mix with fellow-mountains and keeps to itself, having selected a place a little outside the magnificent range of peaks; the Steinernes Meer and the Schönfeldspitze—one can hardly imagine a lovelier view so easily obtained. There is no strain of climbing; it is a little stroll such as one might take in the park. The second ramble is a very pretty one parallel to the Soleleitungsweg, along which the pipelines run from the salt mines. This leads us along the slopes of the Kälberstein, past the Schloss Fürstenstein—now an hotel—and joins the Neue Reichenhaller Strasse. Continuing along this new road, we pass the Kurhaus Berchtesgaden, a magnificent building of the casino type, and can cross over the Gmundbrücke, below the Royal Villa. The natural return is by the Maximilianstrasse.

Apart from the easy and comfortable walks round Berchtesgaden, there are also many really difficult ascents to be made to the summits of the surrounding peaks, and if you want to undertake one of these, you can book very reliable guides at the Gasthof Neuhaus in Berchtesgaden, or give the order to the porter of your hotel. I always prefer to select my own guide and not have one allotted. After all, one has to spend hours in the man's company, and it is much nicer to have an agreeable companion than somebody who might get on your nerves.

We must not forget the electric railway to the Königsee, only sixteen minutes' ride from Berchtesgaden. I am certain we shall use the railway very often, because the Königsee is really the most beautiful of all Bavarian lakes.

From Berchtesgaden it is not far to Reichenhall, another of Bavaria's spas in the 'Salt' district. It is a very picturesque little town situated in the valley of the River Saalach, in the centre of beautiful pine and beech forests, on the outskirts of which a belt of mountains (Untersberg, Lattengebirge, Reiteralpe, Müllnerhorn, Zwiesel, Hohenstaufen and the Sonntagshorn) close round. The air is lovely and sweet.

For ages Reichenhall has been famous for its salt springs and mines. One can well imagine the unceasing struggles in days past for the possession of these mines. They were reopened by King Ludwig in 1834 and reconstructed. They now produce about 100 tons of salt per day. Two of the strongest salt springs, the Theodor and the Edelquelle (about 24 per cent.), are used for cures. The brine of the others is sprayed from the Gradirhaus on to the high walls made of birch twigs erected along a promenade, and one can inhale the salty air while walking. In the Kurhaus they have all sorts of cures for asthma, emphysema, bronchitis and other tiresome troubles.

Apart from its natural beauty, Reichenhall offers quite a lot of amusements—concerts, theatre performances, dances in the Kurhaus Axelmannstein and the various hotels. The band in the Kurgarten is excellent. Being so near Salzburg, Reichenhall

provides us with an opportunity of visiting the Salzburg Festival which takes place every year in August, and the half-hour train journey is well spent when at its end one of the wonderful performances awaits us. The Festival Committee has done wonders in the last years, and the productions have attracted many lovers of art from all over the world.

I think Reichenhall is a charming place for a fortnight's holiday, and I am sure it will rank amongst your favourites in Bavaria. We can even do a little 'sight-seeing' in the town, apart from the nice excursions into the surroundings, as there are many interesting old buildings to remind us of history and to render it alive and real. Near the Salinengebäude is Schloss Grüttenstein, the remains of a former fortress in the thirteenth century. It embodies what is left of the old town walls, together with a tower which has been rebuilt.

The old Roman Parish Church has some attractive frescoes by Moritz von Schwind. About eight minutes from the railway station is St. Zeno, formerly a monastery of St. Augustine. The church in Roman style dates from the twelfth century, but was altered and rebuilt in late Gothic. Here the Italian influence is rather remarkable, as you will notice about the western door, and in the Renaissance pulpit of red marble. The cloisters are preserved in the original style, and on one of the stone pillars we find a relief portrait of Frederick Barbarossa.

A walk of forty minutes takes us to Gross Gmain, a neat little village with an interesting old church which contains four Madonna pictures by Rüfland

Früauf and a statue of Mary, attributed to the Archbishop Thimo of Salzburg (1101). On the way to Berchtesgaden lies Bayrisch Gmain (the word Gmain is the old form for Gemeinde and means community), and any amongst us who are botanists will be pleased to hear of a garden there where every specimen of the Alpine flora can be found.

I shall refer later on to the many rambles in the surroundings of Reichenhall, but I want to take you now to Garmisch-Partenkirchen, a place which we have passed on our tour through the lake district. It is a wonderful centre for excursions, and perhaps the most picturesque place in the Bavarian highlands. Crowds of painters flock there every year, but apart from the landscape it must be inspiring in many other ways, as I know quite a number of poets, writers, and musicians who have settled down in Garmisch-Partenkirchen and made it their permanent residence.

The main river of the district is the Loisach, which springs from the Austrian side of the Zugspitze in the Tyrol, and after passing the valley in which Garmisch-Partenkirchen is situated, flows into the Isar. The country round is called the Werdenfelser Land, and is undoubtedly one of the most charming districts in Central Europe. On the east the whole expanse of the Wettersteingebirge with its mighty peaks is visible from Garmisch-Partenkirchen; on the north the Hoellentalferner with its jagged rocky points can be seen, and through a cleft between the Wetterstein and the Wank we have a very good view of the Soierngebirge, which is the forerunner of the

Karwendel Mountains. The torrents of the Partnach rushing through narrow mountain gorges provide the musical accompaniment suitable to the romantic wildness of the landscape.

Although the natives of Garmisch-Partenkirchen insist on calling the place 'Stadt', since the two villages have been joined together and have been promoted to a town, it still affords the aspect of a typical large Bavarian village, especially since the custom of wearing the native costume has been revived and the peasants dress themselves again in the picturesque dress of the Bavarian highlands, as described in Chapter X. Many visitors to Garmisch-Partenkirchen have adopted the costume, or have modified it slightly.

The old church of Garmisch-Partenkirchen has some lovely frescoes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and the houses are almost all in peasant style, with either high gables or flat roofs and the usual balcony. We must not forget to visit the exhibition of the school of wood-carving in Partenkirchen, which is most interesting.

So far I have refrained from talking about winter sports, but I cannot help thinking that they may be an important item in a holiday, and Garmisch-Partenkirchen compels me to bring up the subject. It is the German Engadine, and an excellent centre in winter.

There are not only several very good and long toboggan runs, a good bobsleigh run and a perfect skating-rink, but you can also skate on the various lakes in the surrounding district, of which the

Rissersee provides a specially good opportunity for anybody whose chief enjoyment is skating; there is a large new hotel which should afford a pleasant stay for a nice winter holiday.

The slopes round Garmisch-Partenkirchen are absolutely ideal for the beginner as well as for the experienced skier. The excursions on skis have the advantage of great variety: there are long tramps along plateaux, for those who wish to take it easy and are not any too fond of strenuous climbing, and difficult ascents to the high peaks in the background with gorgeous long runs down into the various valleys. It is really astonishing that the terrain should be so suitable for ski-ing considering the rocky conditions of the mountains. There is no danger of avalanches though, in spite of the great altitudes and sometimes very steep slopes. This is probably thanks to the Partenkirchner Sports Club, which provides excellent maps and has carefully studied conditions and planned out all 'tours', so that the long trailing uphill is always rewarded by a splendid run down. Garmisch-Partenkirchen also has several funicular railways which, in my experience, seem to be essential to the English snow-fiend. The continental Alpinist enjoys climbing, and ski-ing would not mean half the pleasure to him if a run were not anticipated by a few hours' climb. My experience, however, has taught me that English people only like whizzing downhill and, wherever possible, avoid the exertion of climbing, giving therefore preference to a winter sport centre which can boast of a funicular railway.

One of these funicular railways is the Kreuzeck-

bahn, which only takes nine minutes to the Zöpritzhaus, in an altitude of nearly 5,000 feet on a plateau which is the starting-point for some wonderful excursions into the regions of the Alpspitze, the Hochblasen, Höllentalspitzen, and traverses into the Höllental and Raintal, places of unimaginable beauty. There are very comfortable shelter huts on all these mountains, the guide will cook quite good meals, and the sun will do the rest to make you feel as if you never wanted to come back to earth again.

A second railway starts from the Florianplatz and goes up to the Alpenvereinshaus on the Wank, from where we obtain a most wonderful view on the magnificent panorama of the Werdenfelser Land.

A third is the Zugspitzenbahn, part of which is already in Austrian territory, but as passport formalities have been abolished, especially for people who are on skis and obviously do not intend to spoil their run by spying, this railway is just as available as if it still belonged to Bavaria. Nowadays there are not even gendarmes about to ask you where you come from and where you intend going, a question which can sometimes be very awkward, as I know from experience, when I quite unwittingly went over into Italy from the Berninagroup because there were no red, white and green marks on the snow to show exactly where Italy began and Switzerland ended.

If you use these mountain railways you need not pay double fare because you are English. This happened to me in a certain place in the Engadine,

until I acquired the necessary skill in pronouncing the word 'Inhimisch' with a real native accent and a confident look. Now that we have discovered three of these funicular assistants, or better called 'Ski-ing made Easy', Garmisch-Partenkirchen can easily compete with St. Moritz, Engelberg, Mürren and all other places which seem to draw crowds of winter sport enthusiasts.

I must say a word in favour of the hotels in Partenkirchen. This is important, perhaps more so for a winter holiday than for one in summer, on account of the long evenings which one cannot spend outdoors. They are all good, comfortable, cosy and gay; dances and other amusements on the programme every night. Carnivals are arranged on the ice-rink, and it is a most enjoyable place where one can have a thorough good time.

Speaking of good time, there is another centre *à double usage*, namely as a summer resort and winter sport centre, and this is Oberstdorf, which has always been called the 'Gem' of the Allgäuer Alps and fully justifies this title. It is situated in a wide mountain plain, in an altitude of about 2,500 feet. These mountains appear to rise suddenly from dark woods and wide meadows. The giant towers of the Allgäuer Alps—all well over 6,000 feet—circle round Oberstdorf, and offer a striking contrast to the peaceful village embedded in a green velvet cushion, or according to the season in white feathery snow which the sun-rays make sparkle like diamonds. Large gorges where roaring waterfalls rush over the rocks into the valley, the delicate green of the pastureland

and the dark pine forests provide the most perfect colour scheme; sometimes on our wanderings we shall encounter a dreamy mountain-lake, or we shall cross meadows covered with lovely flowers, and so discover at every step new proofs of the great variety of Nature's matchless treasures.

Tegernsee is another of Bavaria's favourite summer resorts, with the additional advantage of bathing facilities in the lake of the same name. It is a pretty village divided into two parts by the Alpbach. Picturesque peasant houses alternate with small and also stately country houses, mostly owned by artists or by the smart set of Munich. One of the prettiest villas on the shore belongs to Richard Strauss. On the south end of the village you will find a castle which was once the famous Benedictine Abbey that had played such an important part in the artistic development of Bavaria.

According to the chronicles, the founders of the monastery were Adalbert and Otkar, Dukes of Burgundy. Otkar's only son was killed in a quarrel over a game of chess, and the broken-hearted father built a memorial chapel on the shores of this picturesque lake. Later he added, with the permission of the Pope, the monastery which became afterwards the meeting-place of all learned men in Bavaria. The famous library of the monastery was founded in 1068, and the monks of Tegernsee were foremost in every branch of art: stained-glass paintings, miniatures, wood-carving, moulding of vessels, poetry, sculpture, in which they instructed their visitors. Over the portal of the Church of Tegernsee

you will find a marble relief, a portrait of the two founders of the abbey.

From the Hôtel Steinmetz we can take the road leading through a wonderful wood of larch trees up to the Grosse Parapluie (Big Umbrella) about 2,400 feet high, which is a sort of open rotunda from where the whole panorama of the lake can be overlooked. The Kleine Parapluie (Small Umbrella) is on the shore of the lake in a southern direction from the castle on the road to the Achensee, and from there we can take a boat to cross over to Egern, a very picturesque village on the opposite shore. I have always had a secret passion for Egern, and if I were in a position to acquire property in Bavaria, this would be the chosen spot.

There are many other attractive places on the Tegernsee; for instance, Rottach on the south-east end of the lake, Abwinkel, St. Quirin and Wiessee, every one with its own particular charm.

Bad Tölz, which has already been mentioned *en passant*, is a health resort. It is situated on the railway line to the Schliersee, and has a very strong iodine spring. Apart from its healing powers, it attracts many people during the summer months by its idyllic position. Bad Tölz has still maintained its character of a mountain village; the houses are artistically painted, and the main road to the market square resembles in no way the promenade of a typical continental watering-place. On the left bank of the Isar lies the Kurhaus, the bathing establishments, the arcades and the larger hotels, but this whole complex is so well laid out that it does not convey the impres-

sion of anything connected with a 'cure'; on the contrary, everything has been done to make you forget that you are here for this purpose.

I must not forget to mention Immenstadt, the gateway to the marvels of the Allgäuer Alps, a centre for excursions into many directions, especially into the Stuiben Group. The ascent into the Steigbachtal is close to the station, and in only about fifteen minutes' walk from there, you will find two charming mountain-lakes, the names of which I cannot at the moment remember, although their beautiful position, surrounded by dark pines and the rocky peaks in the background, is very vividly impressed upon my mind. From Immenstadt to Rettenberg, across the Iller, passing Schloss Rauhenzell, is a very nice walk.

A branch line leads from Immenstadt to Sonthofen, and it does not take very long to reach this attractive place. It belonged to the Princes of Rettenberg, but later on it came into the possession of Augsburg. In the town records you will find that it became an important place when the Bishops of Augsburg gave them the right to erect gallows and stocks, probably in the days when witchcraft was suspected even in the most harmless matters. The district attorney's office still bears the episcopal coat of arms of Augsburg. Sonthofen is a homely place, simple because it is a little off the beaten track, but it may just be the very thing you are looking for. There are nice walks for those who wish to take it easy, but there is also lots of climbing to be done for those who like to explore the neighbouring mountains.

On the way from Bayrischzell to Kufstein, the Austrian border station, we pass a nice little place called Miesbach, surrounded by lofty hills in the north and by the Kalkalpen in the south. Miesbach is interesting because a very old custom is still in existence in the neighbouring valleys. It is called the 'Haberfeldtreiben', and dates from the days of Charlemagne. A mock trial is arranged between the villagers when they consider that one of their folk has done something, which, although not punishable in the eyes of the law, is against their own code. The victim first receives a warning in verse pointing out his shortcomings, after which he is given a time of probation. Should the warning be of no avail, the villagers dress in black coats and disguise themselves by wearing masks, and appear at midnight before the dwelling of the culprit, who is roused from his slumbers by an infernal noise produced by all sorts of instruments—cowbells, drums, rattles, pop-guns—the human voice taking the lead in the chorus. When the victim finally appears, the trial begins. The judge pronounces sentence, which consists generally in the administration of a jolly good hiding, and when this has been carried out, the crowd disperses and everybody retires.

Of course visitors are not subjected to such treatment, and it happens so seldom, that it is not likely that we should be disturbed by such a concerto during our stay in the vicinity.

On the railway line from Munich to Lindau lies Türkheim, from where an electric tram branches off to Bad Wörishofen. It may be quite nice to spend

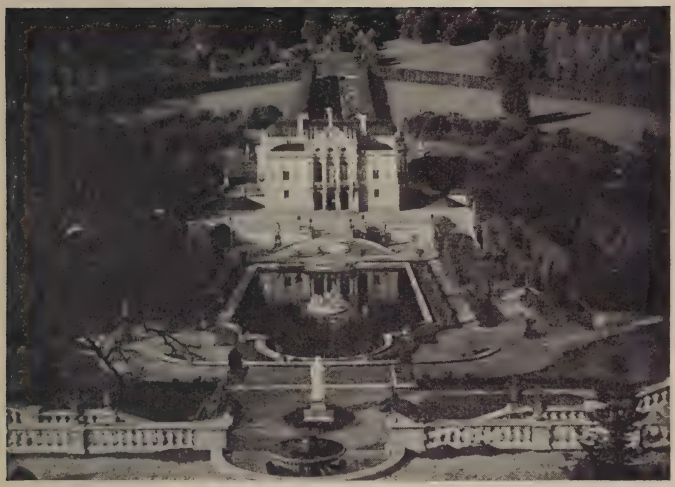
a few days there, although I admit I am prejudiced against the place, as it was the domaine of the famous Professor Rev. Dr. Kneipp and his ' cold water ' cures. This name is for ever connected with cold shivers down my back and a taste of bad coffee in my mouth, as I was forced by a continental doctor to take this cure and to taste ' Kneipp Kaffee '. But there are lots of people in this world who thrive on cold water, and this place may appeal strongly to them.

CHAPTER XIII

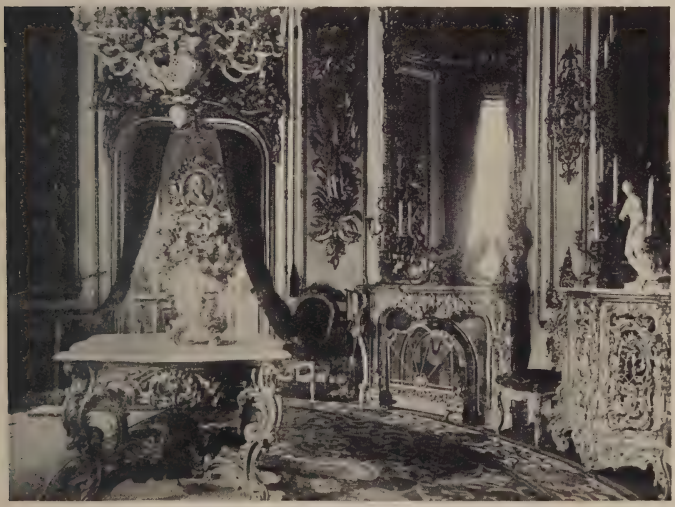
THE ROYAL CASTLES

Ludwig II—Nymphenburg—Füssen—Hohenschwangau—Neuschwanstein—Linderhof—Herrenchiemsee—Burghausen.

BEFORE I take you on a round of visits to the royal castles, I think I must tell you a little about King Ludwig II of Bavaria and his ill-fated life. The reason is not that I want to bring in history again, or the kind of gossip about royalty which even makes an ordinary building interesting, but because I think you will find these castles, which have been erected in accordance with his plans, so amazing that you will want to know something more about the man than I told you when I referred in a previous chapter to his tragic end. He was an enthusiast, a dreamer, a man so intoxicated by art that it had the effect of a narcotic on the part of his mind which he had to devote to his regal duties. Soon after his ascent to the throne he was surrounded by a crowd of aspiring artists, and already, after two years' reign, there seem to have been differences between the financial advisers of the King and his circle of artists. His great passion was the opera.



THE CASTLE AND GARDENS



BAROQUE INTERIOR

LINDERHOF CASTLE

Richard Wagner was called to Munich. The King made him an allowance of over £2,000 a year from his private purse. When, later on, Wagner had to leave Munich on account of the intrigues of the jealous nobility, it cannot even be estimated what sums went from the King's private income towards the creating of the Opera House of Bayreuth. From about 1875 onwards the King was seen very little in public, and he gave way more and more to his estrangement from the world. He only attended special opera performances at the Court Theatre in Munich, and his sojourn in the residence was limited to a few months each year.

At this time, the building of the solitary castle Linderhof was commenced, the castle of Neuschwanstein was arising from its foundation walls, the plan of building the castle on the Herren Insel in the Chiemsee matured and was proceeded with.

With all his desire for seclusion he loved pomp and splendour to the extreme, and recklessly squandered enormous sums of money. The Press took the matter up and gave it such publicity that the King was examined by mental specialists and declared to be insane. The King's uncle was proclaimed Regent; he appointed two executors and Baron Washington as companion to the King. The latter was sent to Hohenschwangau, together with Dr. Van Gudden, to announce to the King the Regent's decision and to take charge of him. Everything was prepared at Berg to receive the royal patient, who had already been contemplating suicide at Neuschwanstein, and on Whit-Sunday of 1886, the second day after his

arrival at Berg, he carried out his resolution. How, I have already told you when we were standing on the shore of the Starnberger See, facing the White Cross emerging from the dark waters. I have often wondered whether his inspiration was a consequence of his insanity or his insanity a consequence of his genius. When you see his castles—for Neuschwanstein, Linderhof and Herrenschiemsee must be called his, as they would never have been built but for him—you will certainly be puzzled how it is possible that a diseased brain was able to conceive beauty in such perfection.

There are quite a number of castles in Bavaria apart from those I have just mentioned. It is a country of singular good fortune, in having had so many men with the right instinct for landscape, and the sense of proportion to adapt the picture to the frame. Whether it was a bishop, a duke or a king, even in the days when a castle was a necessity, a stronghold, and not an object of luxury, these old Bavarians used their discretion, and did not spoil the countryside by placing in an ideal spot one of those monsters that look like the sugar models in a cookery exhibition, with as many towers as a building will stand.

Whilst we are in Munich we are certainly going to the castle of Nymphenburg, which is within easy reach and which will just be enough to make us wish for more. It is really not very old and romantic, because it was only started towards the end of the seventeenth century—the epoch having a decided leaning towards the French architecture, it was duly con-

NEUSCHWANSTEIN CASTLE

structed in a mixture of Rococo and Baroque. Strictly speaking, Nymphenburg is a park where several castles have been built and to which the collective name of Schloss Nymphenburg has been given. Agostino Barella built the middle edifice, which is five stories high and rather striking. Ten years later Viscordi added the arcades and two pavilions, to which Zucalli and Effner added two more in about 1715. The large hall is a true model of French Rococo, and was the scene of brilliant festivities. The park is beautiful, and a very happy combination of French and English style. Behind the centre building a pupil of Le Nôtre—Dom. Girard—has laid out a lovely parterre. South of this is the Amaliensburg, a small castle with a perfect Rococo interior. Two large ponds are to be seen in the grounds, and on the ground floor of the Badenburg, built by Effner in 1718, is a large swimming pool. The Pagodenburg nearby is furnished partly in Dutch and partly in Chinese style. At the west end of the canal is a cascade of marble, and as the famous Nymphenburg porcelain factory also stands in these grounds, the whole complex gives the impression of an experiment in building castles. Without wishing to be unkind, it is a sort of lesson to prepare us for appreciating to the full, the beauties of those castles which we are going to see later on.

I propose to make Füssen, situated on the old Roman road, Venice-Augsburg-Nürnberg, the centre for our visit of two of the most perfect Bavarian castles. Füssen itself is an old town of about 5,000 inhabitants, situated on the left bank of the River

Lech. It has a castle of its own, formerly the property of the Bishop of Augsburg, and now used as the County Court of the little town. It was built in 1322 and altered to its present appearance in 1500. It has a large banqueting hall with a late Gothic ceiling. In this hall the peace was signed in 1745, which ended the War of Succession between Bavaria and Austria.

The road from Füssen to Hohenschwangau is so beautiful that we must walk to enjoy every bit of its view. It is only about three miles, and I absolutely refuse to take you in one of the chars-à-banc from which even this perfect little corner is not spared. However, let us hope that we will we able to escape them tearing along this wonderful strip of road which first descends a little to the right bank of the River Lech and then leads through the park round the Castle Hill in one hour and a half to Hohenschwangau. Or we can take the path mounting towards the Kanzel (pulpit) and through the woods gradually descending to the village Hohenschwangau; but from whichever side we may approach the castle, we shall be overwhelmed by the view of the Allgäuer Alps and the bluish-green Alpsee surrounded by dark forests. The castle belonged to the Bavarian Dukes since 1567, and was bought in 1820 by King Maximilian II, who had it rebuilt and its interior decorated with charming frescoes from German history and legends by Moritz von Schwind and Lindensmidt. Can you wonder that it was one of his favourite haunts, and that Ludwig II seized the opportunity to transform it according to his own ideas?

The legend of the knight who came along in a boat drawn by a swan and rescued the king's daughter from the wicked intriguing couple, their subsequent marriage and the fatal question as to the knight's origin, which ends it all in the tears of a heart-broken woman, forms the story of Richard Wagner's opera, *Lohengrin*. In fact the tale originates in the Rhineland, but somehow it has been connected with the part of Bavaria where Hohenschwangau stands. This seems to me the only reason why everything in this castle refers to swans; even the royal crest above the entrance gate is placed between two large swans.

Passing through this entrance gate we enter a courtyard where the Marienbrunnen occupies the centre. This fountain is built of stone, and a Madonna picture, painted by Glink, is placed above a spouting lion head and the crest of Bavaria with a swan. In a small garden to the right of the yard we find a huge marble bath hewn out of the rock, and two statues of nymphs are placed there to watch the bathers; close by another fountain with a swan, and farther on a replica of the lion fountain in the Alhambra; these two fountains are by Schwanthaler. To support my statement, even the artist's name contains a swan.

Proceeding upstairs, we enter a sort of hall with two large cupboards containing cups and various other articles of silver. This room has a veranda with a wonderful view on the lakes. The Schwanenrittersaal is amazing in dimensions and decorations. The four large pictures, executed by Neher and Lorenz Quaglio after sketches by Chr. Ruben, represent episodes from the life of the Schwanritters;

taking farewell from his parents, his bugle call to summon the emperor's presence to give judgment, the duel with the accuser, and the marriage of the knight to the fair maiden (the artist based his pictures on the *Lohengrin* tale of Wolfram).

From here we pass into the Schyrensaal, with eight frescoes depicting incidents of Bavaria's history, beautifully painted by Wilhelm Lindensmidt, a pupil of Cornelius. The Oriental Room next to it is a bedroom where the souvenirs are kept which King Max II brought back from his Eastern journeys, and the three frescoes describe his reception at the court of Abdul Hamid, the arrival of the Kronprinz Otto in Constantinople and his entrance as King of Greece in Athens. There are also several remarkable landscapes by the Swiss painter Scheuchzer, and some beautiful Oriental armour, most of it given by the Sultan.

The Schwangauerzimmer has wall paintings relating to the history of the castle, and the Bertazimmer next door five frescoes painted after sketches by Moritz von Schwind, who originally had received the order to paint these frescoes. He left for Italy in 1835, and sketched the scenes of five pictures during his stay in Venice, but on his return to Munich he had a terrible row with his royal patron, who attended personally to every detail in the construction of the castle and always suggested alterations of the pictures. In the end M. von Schwind grew tired of his interference and left the execution of the pictures to Glinck, Ruben, Michael Neher, and Lorenz Quaglio. Albrecht Adams, the famous painter of animals,

HOHENSCHWANGAU CASTLE

painted all the horses in these pictures. There are altogether forty-five pictures by Schwind in the castle, but they are not of his best, as his ideas were carried out by different artists, and sometimes the difference between the thought and the deed is very obvious. The furniture in this room is made of cedar-wood.

The Burgfrauenzimmer, with eleven pictures from the life of the Wittelsbacher Ladies, describing the period of the Middle Ages on the various courts of Bavaria, is not very impressive—except for the beautiful chandelier of silver; of course the motif of the swan is dominating again.

On the second floor is the Heldensaal, with frescoes by Schwind; the Hohenstaufensaal, with six paintings by Lindensmidt, mostly subjects from the Crusades; the Tassozimmer, with pictures from Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered' (also sketched by Schwind). The Welfenzimmer contains seven beautiful pictures by Lindensmidt, and the Authari Zimmer five pictures by Schwind; this time the artist has really given us his best, as the whole Authari Saga is marvellously reproduced on canvas.

The last room on this flight is the Ritterzimmer, which used to be the study where Ludwig II was working when in residence in Hohenschwangau, and where he probably made up his mind to commit suicide.

All windows in the building are of stained glass, but however wonderful the glass paintings on these may be, they cannot compare with the glorious picture nature has painted beyond.

Schloss Neuschwanstein is really more a fort than a castle in appearance, and was erected on the ruins

of Vorder-Schwangau in the style of the Wartburg in Thuringia, but in far larger dimensions. Perhaps the architecture, so much admired in days of yore, may now seem a little too artificial and overdone. However, the position makes up for this. The castle is perched on the high rocks of the Tegelfelsen, which rises like a throne from the surrounding woods. The river in the deep gorges of the Pölltal roar almost beneath our feet, and in the distance over the Marienbrücke we can see the foam of the cascades of the Pölltal Fall.

Between two towers of yellow sandstone from the quarries of Bayreuth is the gate which leads into the lower courtyard. Above the gate is an inscription, 'Bei Tag und Nacht, die Treu wacht', placed above the sculpture of a dog. On the right side of the gate is a high square tower, and we have to walk up quite a number of steps to get into the upper courtyard, which is surrounded on three sides by high buildings. On the right is the Ritterbau, on the left the 'Keminate' with household offices, the kitchen and the servants' quarters and the ladies' apartments, and in front the Palas or Herrenhaus, which is the proper seat of the Lords of the castle, with the reception-rooms. Two towers flank this building on either side; one of them is called the stair tower and is 190 feet high.

The Palas is a building of oblong shape, made of bricks and covered with a coat of marble, two small towers projecting from the third story. On the fourth floor on both sides of the balcony are paintings of the patron saints of the Burg, the Madonna and

St. George, and the ridge of the gables is crowned by a large lion of copper. This roof is very large and covered with copper plates. If you want to visit the Royal Rooms on the third floor we must climb ninety-three stone steps inside the stair tower, and I presume this floor was selected on account of the wonderful view it offers, although it must have been strange to see the whole crowd of guests arrive out of breath on reception-days on the landing, where the magnificent frescoes from the Sigurd Saga by Hausschild are the first remarkable feature of this striking suite of rooms.

Through the aide-de-camp's room we reach the King's study with lovely paintings from *Tannhäuser*, and in the eight following rooms nearly the whole of the Wagner Cycle is to be seen in painting. The dressing-room, for example, contains paintings by Ille depicting scenes from the life of Walter von der Vogelweide and Hans Sachs, whereas the Gothic bedroom has all the pictures from *Tristan and Isolde*.

From the balcony of the Oratorium we have a priceless view to the Pölltal Gorge, but the *pièce de résistance* is undoubtedly the Tronsaal, extending over two stories in height. The cupola represents the sky with sun, moon and stars, whilst the floor made of Italian marble mosaic with designs of animals and trees in different colours represents the earth. Sixteen marble columns, six on each of the long sides and four on the north side, carry a gallery. The narrow south side of the Tronsaal has a niche where nine marble steps lead up to the place where it was intended to

erect a throne. I presume the tragedy at Schloss Berg occurred before this could be done.

On the fourth floor we see the Sängersaal, where the walls are decorated with scenes from *Parsifal* by Spiess and Piloty. You will have some idea of the size of these paintings when you realize that this room is 81 feet long and 30 feet wide.

Although many people are of the opinion that the Rococo style of Schloss Linderhof, transplanted into the solitude of the mountains, produces an effect of insincerity and something totally out of place, I cannot agree. Nobody would pretend that Fontainebleau is out of place where it is, and as a matter of fact the contrast of the wonderful gardens, fountains, statues and their rustic background are particularly attractive. A Rococo castle may be found in every country in Europe, but nowhere else another one surrounded by lofty mountain peaks and typical Alpine scenery.

The front of the castle facing south is in three sections, and the projecting middle part shows richer decorations than the side wings. The three round portals closed with beautiful wrought-iron gates are divided by pillars, the upper parts of which, shaped into caryatides, carry the balcony of the middle building. This balcony is closed in by six columns, which form a niche in the middle and are connected by magnificent gilded trellis. The gable is formed by an attic with three oval windows, and is adorned by four amorettes representing Music, Poetry, Sculpture and Handicraft—a creation of Walker.

The fountains are in the gardens on the south side of the castle. The largest is surrounded by statues

depicting Day and Night, and Venus and Diana. Two flights of steps lead to the first terrace, which terminates in the Nixenbrunnen. A further flight of nineteen steps will take us to the second terrace with two bell fountains. In the middle niche of the wall is placed a bust of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. A little farther along we find a diminutive round temple called Montrepos, an imitation of the temple on the Buttes Chaumont, with a statue of Venus. The view from here is very beautiful indeed, as you can see the whole complex of the castle, with the gardens and the mountains in the background.

The Entrance-Hall to the castle contains the statue of Louis XIV, and on the ceiling the radiating sun is painted, surrounded by an inscription of the Bourbon motto: ' NEC PLURIPUS IMPAR '. In the middle of the pompous marble staircase a blue Sèvres vase stands; it was a present from Napoleon III and is particularly beautiful. The double stair of Carrara marble leads to the floor where ten most luxuriously furnished rooms are situated. The first room on the right is the Western Tapestry Room with painted and woven tapestries after Watteau's well-known designs —Amor's sacrifice, Dolce Far niente, Blue Grape, Piper—and between these pictures are emblems of the life of shepherds and farmers. Above the beautifully carved doors there are amorettes representing Poetry, Painting and Music, by Perron. The ceiling has a picture after Boucher, the painter of the ' Graces ' at the time of Louis XIV. On the window-sill is a peacock in terra-cotta, and on the mantel-

piece beautiful Rococo vases and a statuette of Louis XIV. The chairs are covered with genuine tapestries with designs after Watteau. The piano in one of the corners is richly ornamented.

Next to this room is the Mirror Hall in the middle of the south front of the castle. The walls are covered by mirrors in gilded frames, and in between are chandeliers studded with cut glass. On the two mantelpieces, which have been made of pieces of lapis lazuli found in the Ural, stand two marble groups by Walker. The one on the left is the abduction of Helen and the other the carrying off of Proserpine. Under a niche of mirrors stands a table with a marble top where the Bavarian coat of arms is inlaid in lapis lazuli. Above this hangs a magnificent chandelier of carved ivory. The writing-desk near the window has a charming inkstand of porcelain, the globe containing the inkpot. The two bowls on either side are painted by Grünwedel, and show the reception of the Turkish delegation by Louis XIV, and his entrance into Strassburg. The table of rosewood in the middle of the room stands on a carpet made of ostrich feathers. The remaining furniture of this room is also made of rosewood with gold ornaments. The painting on the ceiling, 'Venus in her Bath', is by Professor Schwoiser.

Adjoining is the Eastern Tapestries Room in similar style of decoration and furnishing. On the mantelpieces are statuettes of Apollo and Diana by Kaindl and of the Medician Venus by Gröbner; on the window-sill is another peacock in terra-cotta. The

painting on the ceiling is by Hausschild and represents 'Morning'.

The Blue Cabinet is upholstered in blue silk, the chairs covered with embroideries, and the chandeliers are of porcelain. On the walls are pastel portraits of men and women at the time of Louis XIV and XV in charming *médaillon* frames by Gräfle. The ceiling is adorned with amorettes by Gebhard and Schultze. Next door is the dining-room with a marble table which can be let into the ground. The walls are adorned with gilded reliefs by Perron representing Hunting, Fishing, Farming and Gardening. The main colours of this room are purple and gold, and over each door paintings are placed. There are also four paintings on the ceiling by Heckel and Borcher: 'Flora distributing Flowers', 'Amor and Psyche', 'Bacchus and Venus', and 'Venus and Amor'.

The Pink Cabinet is a replica of the Blue one and really differs only in tone. Next to it is the bedroom, the largest of the ten rooms, with an enormous bed covered with gold embroideries on velvet. The bedstead is carved with scenes from the Life of Louis XIV. On the right side is a marble staircase, leading into the bathrooms, which are not open to inspection.

The Mauve Cabinet is in Rococo style, with lavishly embroidered curtains. Next to it is the study, also called Chambre de Conseil, in a green and gold colour scheme, almost too elaborately furnished. The throne is on the right wall under a baldachin lined with real ermine, with ostrich feathers in the four corners,

and in the centre an angel holding the crown. The writing implements on the writing-desk near the window are made of malachite. The beautiful chandelier is of crystal glass, and the floor is covered by a lovely Smyrna carpet.

The last room in the suite is the Yellow Cabinet. The walls are decorated in yellow silk with silver embroideries. Pictures of the four continents in *médaillons* are on the wall, and the 'Four Elements' are the subjects of the paintings on the ceiling. As in every room of the castle, we also find here portraits of people who were famous in the 'galant times' of Louis XIV and Louis XV.

The parterre of flowers on the north side of Linderhof looks like a multi-coloured carpet with the Bourbon Lily in the centre. At the end of this immense square we find the Neptunbrunnen. The figures of this fountain begin to spout water, when the cascades coming down from the mountain-side have enough pressure to set the waterworks going. They run in between pergolas of roses, and one could almost believe oneself to be on one of the Italian lakes instead of walking about in the garden of a castle in the heart of a mountainous country like Bavaria. Near the waterfalls is a small pavilion, and next to it, hidden in revolving pieces of rock, is the entrance to the Blue Grotto, perhaps the most unique sight in the grounds of the castle.

There are really three grottos, but the middle one is the one that counts. A small lake with waterlilies is in the centre; it is fed by a waterfall rushing into it from the north wall. Facing it, there is a large

painting by Heckel, ' Tannhäuser's Dreamlife in the Venusberg ', and it really is a wonderful sight to look upon the Grotto from the somewhat elevated throne of shells. Six strong electric lamps are used to light it, and the ever-changing colours in all ranges of reds, pinks, greens, yellows and violets playing on the natural blue undertone are absolutely marvellous. Of course it is only a copy of the Blue Grotto at Capri, and although the milieu is entirely different and copies can never really compare with the originals, I must admit that in this case something beautiful has been created.

Through the last Grotto we step into the park again, and within a few minutes' walk we reach a small temple in mauresque style with a gilded cupola. The interior is too overloaded to appeal to me, the columns bearing the cupola are studded with brilliant pieces of coloured glass; it almost requires a pair of smoked glasses to be able to stand the glare. I think the three peacocks in their vivid shades made of enamel would be very attractive if they were set against a quieter background; as it is, the effect is too dazzling. I like the beautiful Oriental carpets spread over the divans and floor, and the wonderful curtains of Indian tissues.

It is almost inconceivable that Ludwig II, after having built Neuschwanstein, remodelled Hohenschwangau and accomplished Linderhof, immediately had the idea that another Versailles in its glittering finery and splendour must be built. He selected the best and most extraordinary place, by having this new castle erected on the larger of the two islands in

the Chiemsee. It was, however, not completed, which in a way is fortunate for us, as we might get a bit too much of Rococo in the end.

This last castle, Herrenchiemsee, can be reached either by taking the steamer (which makes the trip across the lake several times a day and allows for several hours of inspection) or, as I propose, by hiring a boat. This will give us leisure enough to see all the treasures stored up in this place; and it does not impose a time limit.

We cross the park and see first one castle, but we are told that this is the ' old castle ', the insignificant neighbour to the new rival. The new castle of Herrenchiemsee has been erected as a symbol of royal magnificence. Ludwig saw in this building the ideals of regal architecture, dignity and splendour. He had to have a Versailles, as Louis XIV had possessed, but it was not his admiration for the French which made him build it. Just as Louis XIV never considered any expense too great and told his architects to carry on ' *Coute ce qui coute* ', so did Ludwig II. A year before his death his reply to his Finance Minister, who wished to cut the Building Budget down, was that ' building was his only hobby and his life's happiness depended upon it '.

The north wing of the castle remained unfinished, the south wing was never started, and the interior decoration of the centre building was not completed; but what had been completed is really perfect. The centre edifice, from which two wings recede and form an open court, called the marble court, is 360 feet long. Three portals with gilded gates form the

entrance to the ante-room. In the middle of this room stands a huge peacock made of bronze, the neck of silver and the feathers enamelled in the natural colours, shining in a thousand different lights. Through this ante-room we get to the marble court, from where the main staircase (*Cour d'honneur*) leads up to the Hartschiersaal. The colour effects of this staircase are marvellous; white and gold and the light falling on to the wall from above, shows up every detail of the ornaments on the stone pillars, the golden arabesques, and the beautiful pictures on every landing up to the top floor. The Salles des Gardes du Roi, or Hartschiersaal, makes rather a cold impression in spite of the costly decorations. The walls are of scagliola, the window-sills of multi-coloured Italian marble; but personally I do not very much care for this room, apart from the pictures on the walls and the large painting on the ceiling which shows the triumph of Mars. Busts of the French Maréchals are arranged round the walls—Condé, Turenne, Vauban and Villars. The first entrance-hall (*première antichambre*) is in mauve and has the same cold marble walls as the room we just left. The large cupboard on the right was painted by Gruening, and the seven pictures on the walls are by various painters, two by Munsch, an artist we have not encountered yet, as far as I can remember.

The large Antichambre du Roi, which in Versailles was the waiting-room for the courtiers who had to assist at the levée, is in green and gold. The beautiful pictures on the walls are by various artists, mostly subjects from Louis XIV's history. I like you

to pay special attention to the ceiling, which is adorned by a wonderful painting. The picture represents Aurora rising from the Ocean and bidding farewell to the God of the Stars. Night fades and Jupiter is seen urging them to depart. Apart from the beauty of colour, this picture is very cleverly painted, because it gives the illusion of a reflection. The artist is Professor Schwoiser. In the middle of the room is the statue of Louis XIV on horseback, and on the mantelpiece a very wonderful clock.

The next room adjoining is the Paradesaal, with the famous 'Golden' Bed at the far side of the room. It stands upon a carpet of red velvet lavishly embroidered with golden suns, and the curtains of gold brocade are lined with silk embroideries representing Venus in the Olympus, Venus on Earth, Jupiter and Ganymede with the four Graces, Ganymede kidnapped by the Eagle. On the curtain rod are festons and dancing amorettes with torches. The curtains round the bed are a masterpiece of embroidery. The scenes of the Venus Myth are stitched by Miss Jörres. The bed is carved wood and gilt, and the baldachin is held by a jewel-studded crown. On the four corners are ostrich feathers and aigrettes. I really cannot describe all the details of this room, but I assure you that I would be afraid to sleep there, before I had investigated every detail of all this pomp and luxury.

The Mirror Gallery is an exact replica of the one in Versailles, and thirty-three crystal lustres with 2,500 candles reflecting in the mirrors on the walls must make it a dazzling sight at night-time. Between

the candelabra and the window-niches are gilt bronze vases for orange trees (now empty), and in the various corners copies of antique statues—Urania, Venus (Praxiteles), Germanicus, Venus of Arles, Bacchus, Diana of Ephesus, Vitellius, Antonius Pius, Hadrian, Commodus, Julius Cæsar, and Titus by Prof. Spiess —and on the ceiling a painting after Lebrun who decorated the ceiling of the Mirror Gallery at Versailles, showing the deeds of Louis XIV. The nine large pictures refer to war expeditions, the eighteen small ones to accomplishments in times of peace. The high blue velvet seats along the windows are embroidered with the golden lilies of France.

The Salle de la Paix is in blue and gold, and over the mantelpiece hangs an excellent portrait of Louis XIV tendering the olive branch to Europe. This picture is an original painting by Lemoine, the *premier peintre du Roi*. The ceiling has paintings representing France, Germany, Spain and Holland celebrating peace, executed by Frank, Munsch and Roege. The room adjoining is the contrast of the former and is called the Salle de Guerre. It is all in red and gold, with pictures of war on the ceiling and along the walls busts of the particularly belligerent Roman Emperors—Marcus Aurelius, Nero, Septimus Severus, Caracalla.

We have to return to the Mirror Gallery, as only from there can we get through a passage to the small apartments, the bedroom in blue silk with gold moiré effects and a bed similar to the big golden bed in the Paradesaal, the dressing-room adjoining which is a charming *pièce*, and the boudoir in pink silk with a

wonderful carpet and a transparent clock on the mantelpiece. From here a staircase leads to the luxurious bathrooms, all in marble with pictures of Venus in the style of Boucher.

The working room or study is in green and gold, which must make it hard to concentrate. There is still the light blue drawing-room with *guirlands* and mantelpieces of porcelain, and a remarkable parquet floor in three different kinds of wood.

The dining-room is in red and gold. It would be the delight of all housewives, as by pressing a button the whole table can be made to disappear through the floor to the kitchen below. When not in use for meals—I am told that since Ludwig's death the rooms have never been inhabited—a beautiful vase with a bouquet made of Meissen porcelain stands on this table. The chandelier is also a masterpiece of Meissen porcelain with hanging garlands of flowers. On the two little shelves on either side of the window there are two statuettes of Mesdames de Maintenon and Dubarry, whilst Madame de Pompadour has been allotted a place above the door.

There is still another Salon, oval in shape, filled with matchless Meissen porcelain. The tables, chandeliers and mirror-frames in this room are all of this delicate make. Over the doors are two pictures, one a theatre performance with Louis XIV in the audience, and the other a hunting scene. The floor is made of aromatic wood. The little gallery adjoining is a miniature copy of the Mirror Gallery, and exists presumably for the purpose of ' taking a constitutional '.

The parks are unfinished, but there are three fountains which deserve attention — the Pegasus fountain by Maison, the Fortuna fountain by Rümann (Fortuna sitting on her wheel surrounded by mermaids and dolphins), and then, down twenty-two steps of granite, the huge stone basin surrounded by seventy-two gilded frogs spouting water up to the beautiful group of Serravezza Marble. The subject of this is Latona protecting her children (Diana and Apollo) against the peasants who refused her permission to bathe, and changing the ruffians into frogs.

I am now going to take you right away from all this splendour and pomp to a castle of the simple type—Burghausen. It rises on secure Roman foundations perched on the rocks of the left banks of the River Salzach, which had cut its way through the stone and given a natural defence to the castle by protecting it on its north side. It consists of five buildings separated from each other by wide ditches. The fortifications extend over a mile and a half, and have enabled this stronghold of the Bavarian Dukes to resist whatever attacks have been directed against it. Gothic gables, Italian Renaissance, Rococo, Baroque mingle freely, yet harmonize in the various buildings. The historic interest of this castle is greatly increased by a valuable collection of antiques and paintings. There is a fascinating view from the platform over the small town with its flat-roofed, almost Italian, houses and the rapacious river. Here, more than in any other of the many Bavarian castles, one feels the romance of bygone days and imagines one hears the clatter of armour and the roar of a

besieging army endeavouring in vain to conquer this eyrie.

There are two interesting castles on the way from Munich to Linden. The first is Mindelburg, which was the seat of Georg von Frundsberg, the leader of the Lanscenetts, near Mindelheim. The other, on the Burghalde, near Kempten, is the Roman castle Cambodunum, from where a lovely view to the Zugspitze is obtained.

We have already visited the three castles of Schleissheim, north of Munich, on the line to Regensburg, and have now practically exhausted the royal castles, but we may still come across one or two in other parts of Bavaria, which I did not consider important enough to describe in all details.

CHAPTER XIV

THE EPISCOPAL CASTLES

Ansbach—The castle and the town—Würzburg.

ANSBACH, now a town of about 23,000 inhabitants, was only a Benedictine monastery in the eighth century. During its long history it has developed into a very busy industrial centre. I am taking you there, mainly because it has a very interesting castle which, as it formerly belonged to the Bishops of Ansbach, ranks amongst the Episcopal castles of Bavaria.

It was built in Italian Renaissance style by Gabriel Gabrieli in the years 1713-52, and until Ansbach came to Bavaria (1806) it was the seat of the Bishops. Now it has been converted into government offices without any alterations, except that passing through some of the rooms you will see the typical civil servant sitting at a desk pondering whether to reply to some important application which cropped up months ago.

I can very well understand that these offices are more suitable for dreaming about the splendour of days gone by, than for the daily routine work of a government official. I may be mistaken, of course, and there may be no excuse at all for laziness; how-

ever, one cannot help putting a romantic touch to everything one may encounter in such a milieu. I am only judging from a personal point of view, and I am certain that I could not concentrate on some lengthy uninteresting document within the walls of a room in early Rococo style, where lovely pictures adorn the walls and every piece of furniture has its own history.

But the best rooms are not used as offices. They are left for show purposes. The China Room is full of priceless porcelain and the Gallery of Mirrors with old Berlin and Meissen, which provide the expert with a reason to spend hours in these two rooms. The Salle des Gobelins contains some lovely tapestries, and the traditional Ahnensaal, without which a castle would not be a castle, has a remarkable full-length portrait of Frederick the Great by Therbusch.

I presume that you will not refuse to have a quick look round the town to see whether there is anything else to discover. This experiment never fails in any Bavarian town. There is, for instance, the Church of St. Gumbertus, where three entirely different styles succeeded each other without doing any harm to the beauty of the building. It was first of all erected in Romanesque style and rebuilt in late Gothic in the fifteenth century; then somebody had the idea of another alteration and rebuilt the main aisle, the chapel and the choir in Baroque. The chapel is very interesting, as it belonged to the Order of the Knights of the Swan. So is the old town hall, originally built as a country mansion.

St. John's Church, an edifice in late Gothic, contains

the tombs of the Margraves of Ansbach. Outside the church there is a memorial to Fr. Gall, the ' children's poet '. Most interesting is the memorial stone to Caspar Hauser, the famous foundling killed in 1832. I was very glad to find this memorial, as I had been particularly fascinated by a book called *Caspar Hauser* by Wassermann, which deals with the story of this extraordinary man. It is so vividly written that it makes you wish to see the setting of the scene where this tragedy took place. However, the Caspar Hauser Museum is rather a disappointment, as it does not contain anything specially interesting.

Before shaking the dust of Ansbach from our feet, we may as well visit the birthplace of August von Platen (1796-1835), a celebrated German poet.

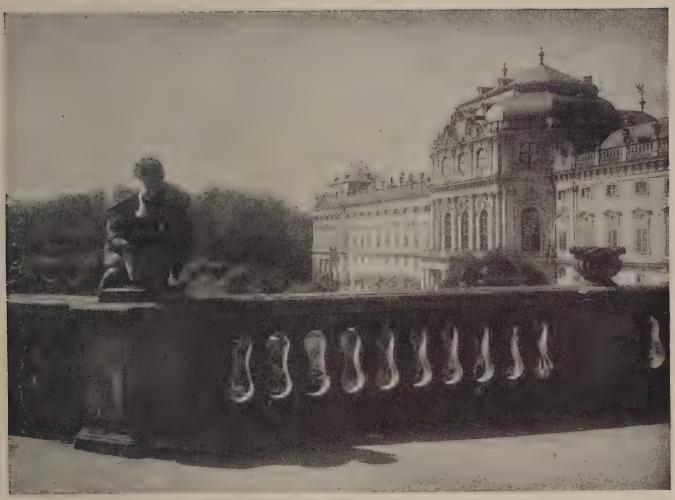
Another of Bavaria's Episcopal castles is in Würzburg. That provides us with an excuse for visiting the town—which has an interesting link with our home country, for its patron saint is St. Kilian. He and his companions, Colonat and Totnan, came from Ireland and were burnt as martyrs in 689 A.D. At the beginning of the seventh century St. Burkhard, the Anglo-Saxon missionary, arrived at Würzburg and erected a wooden minster on the place where the Neuminster now stands, in the heart of the city. In 1250 the Bishops of Würzburg transferred their residence to the Marienburg, and remained there until the early years of the eighteenth century on account of the continual friction between the guilds, the patricians and the Court. But after a time the chapter of Cardinals decided that the daily business of episcopal life was too strenuous for the clergy to carry out at

such a distance. They ordered that the Bishop should set up house in town, and thanks to this order, the most marvellous of all German palaces was built. Most of the Bishops connected with the construction belonged to the Schönborn family, who were always noted for their taste and artistic disposition, and they justified their reputation here. The Residence, as it is called now, is perhaps the most perfect building in Baroque-Rococo that one can find in Central Europe. In the centre is the vestibule and Garden Hall, whence a magnificent staircase with wonderful frescoes by Tiepolo, the last of the great Venetians, leads to the first floor. As these frescoes are on the ceiling it is hard to watch one's steps, and it is good that the steps are so low and easy, otherwise one's nose might suffer damage. The whole staircase is adorned by heavy Corinthian stone pillars, and the frescoes have a great relieving effect.

In the long array of the state apartments each room forms a unit with its Gobelins, pictures, stucco-works and wall coverings. Each of these rooms has a name. Through the Cabinet of Mirrors we arrive in the Room of State in the centre overlooking the gardens, and again find the ceiling painted in delightful frescoes by Tiepolo.

Under the palace is a very large cellar which contains a stock of the choicest wines of Franconia. There is a tasting-room in the north wing. For your information there is neither prohibition nor a time limit in the palace.

The stucco ceilings and wall decorations are almost all by Bossi, the champion of this delicate art, and



WÜRZBURG—THE RESIDENCE FROM THE GARDEN

THE BENEDICTINE CHURCH AT METTEN

the beautiful gates to the palace and on the Rennweg are made by Ögg, the master of wrought-iron work. Many Rococo statues in the park are by Johann Peter Wagner.

I happened to be in Würzburg in June, at the time of year when the conservatoire of the town hold their Mozart Festival in the palace. The concerts begin after sunset, and to hear one of the wonderful string quartettes exquisitely played in such inspiring surroundings as the Kaiser Saal or the garden, is really one of the perfect moments of life.

The Burg stands aloft on a rock above the left bank of the river, a most useful position in 1250 when the Prince Bishops were not on very amicable terms with the citizens of Würzburg. The first striking impression when you enter the inner court is the Round Church of Our Lady. There were several architects at work at various periods, the most important being Rudolf von Scherenberg, after whom one of the gates has been named. It bears his coat of arms. His successor, Lorenz von Bibra, built the winding staircase, but behind all the artists who were engaged in alterations and adaptations was the genius of Prince Bishop Julius. He kept a permanent staff of architects busy with his schemes of embellishment. After the Thirty Years War, during which the Marienburg lost its reputation of being impregnable—it was taken by the Swedes as well as by the Scots—it was fortified according to the plans of Vauban and made an Imperial Fortress.

It is well worth while to climb the hill on which

the Marienburg is situated, not only to see the building itself, but also because the view across the river is so lovely. I am certain it was this impression which Robert Browning recorded in a note to *Paracelsus*—'Würzburg in Franconia, a town situated in green fertile country, hence its name Herbopolis.'

The town hall is a group of buildings in red sandstone, high gabled like all late German Renaissance buildings. I presume its position at the bridge head had made it a stronghold of the Imperial Burgrave, and when the temporary power of the Bishops grew, the Burgrave became a vassal of the Bishops, perhaps a sort of bailiff. The Council then bought up the whole property and adapted it into the town hall after many alterations. They built the Gothic chapel on the ground floor and added several flights to the tower. You will have discovered by now that no German Rathaus is without a tower, neither is the cellar ever absent.

In this case the cellar consists of seven rooms, some of them very deep down under the ground. I refer particularly to the Hexenloch (witch-hole) where, before Bacchus took up his residence, those accused of witchcraft were imprisoned. In most cases they only saw daylight again when they were carted to the stake to be burnt. In those days superstition was rampant, and the slightest offence was sufficient to incur the accusation of supernatural powers. The accused were not even given a chance of defending themselves. In this the people of Würzburg did not practise what they preached, as you will find a motto

on the door of the Wenzelsaal upstairs which says: 'One man's truth, half a truth, let the hearing be of both.' I do not think this was often applied to the poor wretches imprisoned in the Hexenloch.

The old bridge across the Main is very interesting, as it has an old needle weir and yet an up-to-date fairway for the timber rafts. It is fascinating to watch the boatmen shooting the narrow passage with the long cumbersome rafts on the way to Mayence and down the Rhine to Rotterdam. In the background, you can see the gables of the town hall, the Eckhards Tower, and behind these the spires of the cathedral.

The west front of the cathedral is rather narrow as seen from the old bridge, and the spires look very slender. On approaching it you will be surprised to find how large a building it is. Unfortunately, it was transformed from Romanesque into some type of Baroque by Pietro Magno. I say 'unfortunately', because he does not seem to have made a very good job of this modernization and should have left it alone.

The Gothic Chapel of St. Mary in the green market was the church of the bourgeoisie of Würzburg, and is next to the place where the ghetto stood before it was wiped out during the terrible pogrom of 1348. I mention this church especially because of two reliefs. One above the west door is 'The Day of Judgment', from which one can gather that the bourgeoisie of Würzburg did not feel benevolent towards the bishops, the clergy and knights; the other relief over the north door represents the Annunciation, which is grotesque

on account of the speaking tube used by the figure depicting God.

The old University of Würzburg, founded by Julius Echter von Nespelbrunn—the great Bishop of the Counter-Reformation—is, to my mind, the most interesting building of the town. It is a combination of Renaissance structure and Gothic detail. The massy tower of the University church built by Petrini forms a good background. The library contains a great collection of manuscripts, amongst which is the Gospel of St. Kilian, the Plenarium of St. Burkhard, and the first printed music. The new University, a Baroque building in Neumann's perfect lines, is east of the old building. It faces the Ring Park. This is a great centre of German science, especially noted for the faculty of medicine, where Röntgen was one of the teachers.

In the very heart of the town we find the Neuminster with the grave of St. Kilian. It is erected on the place where the old wooden minster stood which was destroyed by lightning. The Neuminster dates from the thirteenth century, and has one Romanesque spire. Each story differs from the others, yet they all harmonize and form a building with outlines of rare beauty. The west front was made by Perzani and completed by Neumann, and the sculptures are by Jacob Auvera. The main façade is a perfection of Baroque with extremely graceful outlines. Inside this church are four remarkable paintings of the sixteenth century; here, too, is the tomb of Walther von der Vogelweide, the famous German minstrel. You are shown this tomb and assured that

it is his, and though I cannot vouch for the truth of the assurance, in all my travels through Germany I have not been shown a second tomb reputed to contain the same remains, and I will assume that Würzburg's claim is justifiable.

CHAPTER XV

ROTHENBURG ON THE TAUBER

The romance of Rothenburg—The Rathaus—The County Court—A walk through the town—The walls and views—Gates and towers—Churches—The Jacobskirche.

IT is not so very long ago that Rothenburg was discovered. It was so well hidden behind the thick beech forests which had grown between its towers and the wide main road from Ansbach to Würzburg that it had been forgotten. From a wayfarer's point of view, I wish the discovery had remained a secret of our own, something to share between ourselves. I wish it was protected from the crowd of sight-seers, from the platitudes and silly ejaculations which, during the 'season', must make the old walls smile in contempt. But what we can do, is to visit it when the crowd has gone or before it has arrived, namely, in early spring or late autumn. I like autumn best. The woods are resplendent with all shades from yellow to dark red, the mist on September mornings lingers over the valley of the river, and the sunsets are at their best. That is the time to go to Rothenburg. There will be then practi-

THE RÖDERBOGEN, ROTHENBURG

cally no motor-cars or cycles rattling over the cobbles, and the excursion parties will have vanished. It will be the peaceful, slumbering little town of the Middle Ages, just as it was when the pupils of Schwind arrived there with light luggage and light purses, with easels and palettes to paint things which the simple minds of Rothenburg's citizen never thought worth looking at.

Fifty years ago the little houses on the banks of the Tauber, the old mill, the ivy-covered watch tower and the gloomy walls, attracted many artists. There was a great inclination then towards the works of the poets of the Middle Ages. Whilst Wagner produced the great revolution in the German music drama with the *Ring* and *Parsifal*, whilst the new generation was devouring Gustav Freytag's books and the German soul was fiddling a sentimental *largo*, the first pictures arrived from Rothenburg. After the painters had discovered Rothenburg, the poets came to sing its praises. Paul Heyse was tramping through all the small towns in Franconia, and when he took leave of Rothenburg he brought with him the 'Glück of Rothenburg', which made all readers long to see it. Then the grass was still growing high between the worn cobbles, and from the lower gateway there was only one rugged narrow street running down into the Tauber valley. Woe to the driver who met one of the home-coming flocks without a shepherd!

Goethe says, 'Only he who has seen Sicily carries the picture of Italy in his soul', but I say, 'Go and see Rothenburg, and you will live in the Middle Ages'. This town belongs to the twentieth century

only according to the calendar and the electric light. You will be able to switch your mind right back to the fifteenth century, and see Walter Stolzing make love to Evchen with her long fair tresses, and understand every one of Gretchen's emotions.

Rothenburg is not a town to be analysed. It is an environment for the poet. The scent of the lilac trees whispers to him over the old town wall, and makes him feel that he must sing. Who can step from the delightful silence of the Burggärtlein on to the balustrade and look quietly over to the soft lines of the low hills (whose tuft of yellow corn is glittering in the sunny haze) and to the old church of Dettwang which nestles down in the valley between the old houses—who can look and not feel that life is worth living when you have been given two eyes to see such beauty of scenery?

The views seem to outbid each other. From the east of the town wall to the quaint double bridge, from the little castle of Bürgermeister Toppler and the big lime tree to the old mill—they are linked together by the narrow silver ribbon of the Tauber.

The principal charm of Rothenburg is the lack of any attempt at restoration. Everything has been left as it was. It is true that some buildings of great beauty have almost crumbled to bits, like many a *palazzo* in Venice, when Byron sang forebodingly of its doom. Sometimes one watches anxiously the old arches, or an old gable only supported by the kindness of the neighbouring building; sometimes one counts the cracks in the walls, or the missing tiles on the roof; yet all the same one would resent the

interference of a builder who might try to alter or improve.

It is rather curious that Rothenburg has not itself produced any artists, with one exception—Leonhard Weidmann. Whenever somebody was wanted to erect a building, the inhabitants called in a stranger.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, before the Rathaus was built, Rothenburg was nothing but one of the many smaller Reichstowns of which Germany possessed so many. It was known only on account of its fortified position and good defences, perhaps also because the whole town site still reminds one of Jerusalem. When the town became impoverished, the citizens, who were mostly cloth-weavers and wool traders, hardly missed the finery in which they used to strut about even on working days. Many families emigrated to Nürnberg, and those left behind lived indolently through the whole of the eighteenth century. While the rust grew thicker on the Rathaus tower and the wooden ceilings became darker and darker, generation succeeded generation, all excellent men, all related by marriage, but without ambition or initiative. They were people who did not care to amass fortunes, because they had just enough to live on, and who did not trouble about science, or art; if anybody happened to send his son to Altdorf or Würzburg to become a priest or a physician, he caused amazement. Progressive views ever found deaf ears and new inventions wrinkled foreheads.

The name Rothenburg was apparently derived from the fact that the glow of the setting sun steeped the red tiles into all shades of crimson. The large square

stones which form the chapel in the Burggärtlein have been piled upon each other many years ago. The site was ideal for a strongly fortified castle. It is quite immaterial whether the Franconian Duke Pharamund built the Ur-Rothenburg against the Allemans, or the Thuringian Duke Radulf against the slaves. Only when Christianity began to spread —which was as slow a business as any attempt of the Romans to establish a colony in this rough and wooded country—and when the Bishop of Würzburg tried to get into touch with the Knights of Rothenburg Castle, can one find the first traces of the history of this place.

The earthquake in 1356 destroyed the castle, and Karl IV only wished to reconstruct the St. Blasius Kapelle. This is the only building of the Burg remaining intact. The County Court was first held in the open until it was provided with the little roof which now forms part of Rothenburg's coat of arms. However small a town, it held a strong position and had a well organized garrison, so that it was able to participate in the many feuds between the various towns and the nobility. Soon Heinrich Toppler, the Mayor of Rothenburg, who had the diplomatic instinct of Machiavelli, and the callousness of Cesare Borgia, became the dictator. He may have been a rogue as legend would have it, but, although he risked the whole town of Rothenburg at one throw of the dice with the Burgraves of Nürnberg, and although he signed treaties with other enemies, he was the only man they ever had. Apart from the buildings erected under his direction, he fortified the town and planned

ST. GEORGSBRUNNEN, ROTHENBURG

the construction of a wide road to facilitate the transport of troops. The reward for all his work was the permission to build for himself the little castle we have so much admired from above on the town wall. When his old enemy, the Burgrave of Nürnberg, together with the Bishop of Würzburg, marched upon Rothenburg, it was discovered that Toppler was secretly dispatching letters which contained an understanding between him and the dispossessed Emperor Wenzel. After this discovery he was arrested during a meeting of the Council. He died in prison on the 13th of June, 1408, and his death, of course, gave rise to all sorts of rumours. One of the versions is that a poor Jewish girl smuggled poison into the prison, in recognition of his kindness to her.

Let us start by a walk through the town, one of those exploring rambles which have no special aim and which I really call ' pottering about '. This will show us what an extraordinary place Rothenburg is. There are many streets leading in a semicircle round the market square, and others starting from the square in all different directions. Amongst the places which immediately arrest our attention is the tower of the Jacobskirche. By a narrow and rather shaky ladder we can climb up to the bells, which were already ringing (in 1648) at the time when the peace was signed after the Thirty Years War. We have a marvellous view from here, and I think it is worth while to choose this tower for one's first glance over Rothenburg in preference to its neighbour, the Stoberleinturm, though that ascent is easier. From our lofty position on the

Jacobskirche we see the peculiar chaos of streets and tiled roofs running into all directions, like a crowd of naughty children trying to escape from their teacher. They seem to be hemmed in by the old town wall.

Towards the east and north we can see those houses which belong to the oldest part of Rothenburg and which stood within the walls of the first fortification. When the town expanded beyond the zone of the old walls, Kaiser Albrecht gave permission in 1204 to build the second bulwark, which now encircles Rothenburg like a bright belt from which the numerous towers rise like pegs. These ramparts stretch in a light curve as far as the Würzburger Tor, but near the Ruckesser they turn abruptly towards the south, gathering in the part called the Kappenzipfel, and continue in a semicircle enclosing the whole town.

Turning west we see the place where the old Rothenburg stood and where now the little wood of beeches and lime trees has hidden everything so that we can hardly see the Blasius Kapelle—all that is left!

What a variety of views from this old tower! It is almost like that from the Campanile of St. Giorgio Maggiore, where one can look over the jumble of lagoons. Down there in the many narrow streets we would not find our way as well as from up here. We would miss the stairs leading to the dainty Klingentorturm, yet we can see them in the distance, also the clock on the Spitalsturm, the chubby tower constructed for the defence of the town and its younger slender brethren.

The entrance to the old town is through the Rödertor, and from the very moment we cross the bridge and pass the little ivy-covered tower we are under the spell of Alt-Rothenburg. Right and left is the town wall, and in a slight curve the wide Röderstrasse leads to the Marktplatz. The old houses have many funny inscriptions, and on the second corner of this street we face the Marktplatz, with the Rathaus, the Plönlein down in the Spitalgasse, the small tower of the Jacobskirche, and the Spitaltor with the blue dial plate of its clock, which looks like a bit of sky peeping through the archway.

The Jacobskirche was the first church built in Rothenburg, and was formerly dedicated to St. Kilian. Parts of its foundation walls have been used as a basis for the present building. The low spires surprise one at first, differing as they do in size and shape from each other. The increasing number of pilgrimages to Rothenburg necessitate more accommodation, and leaving the ground floor of the old building, the north spire and the corner of the northern aisle, by adding the rest, Niklas Elser, the architect, accomplished a wonderful task. A peculiarity of this church, executed in the purest Gothic, is the passage above which is the communication of the main part with the Heilige Blutkapelle. Characteristic also is the position of the two spires rising from the east choir and the side naves. It seems as if the master had looked after the lovely ornaments of the smaller spire himself, as the helmet is a perfect dream of Gothic, whilst the north spire looks neglected, and as if left to be built by his foreman. This obvious

difference is explained by the people of Rothenburg, who say that the spires were the result of a competition between master and pupils, and that the perfection of the latter's work was the cause of the suicide of the former. However, the west gate is proof enough that this cannot be true. On the outside the bridal door of the east choir and the beautiful Ecce Homo must be mentioned. The interior is very disappointing. The plain grey distemper which covers the remainder of the Renaissance paintings, and the absence of pictures on the walls has too sober an effect. The painted glass windows are not of remarkable beauty, but it is quite interesting to see the coat of arms of Toppler on his tombstone. It shows two dice; I have not seen many crests which depict a vice instead of virtues.

The main altar is dedicated to Toppler, and is called ' The Altar of the Twelve Messengers '. The pictures of this altar give the impression of having been created under Dutch influence, although nothing of the finesse of Van Eyck can be discovered. They remind one of the early work of Roger Van der Weyden, but in their contrast of colours are undoubtedly of the Franconian and Swabian school. The Twelve Apostles on the Predella are an excellent assortment of sober humanity and sublimely inspired heads.

When I visited Rothenburg last, they were trying to scrape the distemper off the side wings, and the first picture underneath showed in vivid fresh colours the old market square with the original Rathaus. The two side altars were carved in wood by Tilmann

Riemenschneider, of Würzburg, and the Blut Altar is proof of the artist's skill. The Last Supper, the Mount Olive scene, and the Baptism, slender and delicate in proportion, remind me of the rhythmic lines of Sandro Botticelli's work translated into plastic form.

The Franciskaner Kirche makes up for the lack of artistic emotions of the Jacobskirche; it is full of interesting tombstones, memorial tablets of the Honeburgs, Creglingers, Hohenlohes and many other noble families. The Johannis Kirche was spoilt when it was restored. The Wolfgangs or Schäfer Kapelle is very famous amongst the painters on account of its quaint annex, the house over the arc of the gate, which looks as though gathered in by the town walls. The statue of St. Wolfgang dates from 1489. On the outside of the church were two winding staircases, so constructed that one could talk but not see each other.

The Rathaus consisted originally of two semi-detached Gothic buildings, of which the western part still exists. The eastern section was built in 1501, when Wolf Löscher of Plauen was commissioned to erect a new Rathaus (1572). He was told to complete it in ten months' time, but he left Rothenburg after a year and the building was completed by Leonhard Weidmann. The best view is from the south-east side, opposite the delicately executed bay window. The windows in the gable facing south are placed symmetrically, whereas those of the two other floors are just the contrary, with two and sometimes three, together. In the middle is the Treppen

Turm, with oblique windows which follow the course of the winding staircase. Above the middle arc of the low entrance is the Reichs-Adler between allegorical figures.

The arcades, which are supposed to have originated later, but which were undoubtedly built at the same time as the main building, consist of nine arches with strong pillars.

The roof is large, and on the south side is a Renaissance portal of Ionic columns with a large head-piece. On both sides and in the middle are large birds. On this corner stood the pillory. The great hall, where a performance takes place at Whitsuntide, is remarkable for its old pictures, carved wooden ceiling and the sculpture of the Day of Judgment.

The Spital belonged formerly to the Johannister, and is rather bare and gloomy. Very effective is the Hegereiterhaus behind the Spital, which looks like a tower with another tower; the Rossmühle nearby is built of such thick freestone that it will outlast the whole of Rothenburg. In time of war thirty-two horses worked the mill.

After the Spital, Weidmann built the Gymnasium west of the Jacobskirche. The building is rather dull in its simplicity, although the gable with its dormer windows has ornaments enough. Time has destroyed much, but on the left and better preserved timber work the unicorns and a faun placed in the capital are very effective. Just a few steps from the Gymnasium is the convent of the Dominican nuns, which deserves a visit on account of its perfect cloister, and which is no doubt one of the earliest landmarks of Rothen-

burg. This convent formerly received rich contributions, and everything is built on a large scale and with rather a waste of space. From the cloisters new steps lead to the present building of the Inland Revenue, and also a door into the convent kitchen, where some of the old cooking utensils are still left. The room is very dark and gloomy, and it is not easy to imagine it crowded with busy women, to hear the clatter of pots and pans and the crackling of the fire in this place covered with cobwebs. There are lots of piquant tales of the ' worldliness ' of these nuns.

I am certain you have never seen such extraordinary houses as in Rothenburg. Almost every one of them has a different aspect. They have a personal touch, even the simple ones. The small entrance doors in the thick walls, the narrow windows, the old steep gables—it is as if everything had been asleep for a hundred years and only just woken up at the touch of a fairy's rod.

Of the oldest type of house only two examples are still in existence; one is the hidden and unnoticed house of the carpenter Riegel, in the Herrengasse. It is often overlooked because a house has been built in front of it. It is a curious building, absolutely genuine in style, and you will find no other one like this except the Toppler Schlösschen and perhaps one or two in Dettwang. The basis is a square block of stone about nine feet high, on which stands the proper house. The roof is very steep above the second floor, which is the largest, and has tiny barred windows. The other is No. 506, opposite the Jacobskirche—typical in its simplicity and clumsiness. The

walls seem to have been built to last thousands of years, and the beam which carries the ceiling is a whole tree hardly hewn. The small distance between it and the neighbouring house is curious, and the roof has a decided resemblance to those of the houses of Pompeii. Originally it was built of wood, and only later the walls were inserted. The hall still has the large fireplace, and you will find a hall exactly like it in Dürer's famous picture, ' The Birth of Maria '.

You will see all sorts of inscriptions on the framework of most of these old houses, generally in verse displaying a keen sense of humour, but unfortunately for us in such ancient German that not even the best German scholar amongst us will be able to grasp the meaning. Perhaps these poetical effusions are due to the influence of the Meistersingers, who often came on tour to Rothenburg. There seems to have been an attempt by four Rothenburg masters to form a school, but I do not know whether it was successful.

I do hope that the cobbles have not tired you too much, and that what we have seen has been some compensation. Can you imagine what this kind of pavement must have been in the days when the streets were only swept on the occasion of an Imperial visit? No wonder they had to use clogs out of doors. Lanterns had to be carried in front when the honest citizens of Rothenburg went to have their evening pint at the ' Frohnwaag '.

Let us go for a walk outside the town wall to cast a last look on the town before we leave. Let us walk past the Plönlein, the junction of two roads; we are not taking the one to the right, which we

THE DOUBLE BRIDGE IN ROTHENBURG

know already so well, as it leads to the Kobolzeller Tor, but will stroll along the left, past the Spitaltor. We must hurry past the Wildbad, which is a modern eyesore, and then slowly descend the steep path until we arrive at the famous double bridge over the Tauber, and farther on to Kobolzell Kapelle, passing the Toppler's house and the Kaiserstuhl to the old Bronnenmühle, and then to Dettwang. Behind the large meadow covered with flowers lie the tiny peasant houses and the little church. The Schwarze Lamm is a hundred years old, a large white square block with a French roof, and I do not know of a more romantic place than under the lime tree in front of this inn. We can roam about in the old churchyard for half an hour and have a look at the church before returning to town.

CHAPTER XVI

BAYREUTH AND WAGNER

The town—Something about Wagner—The Festivals.

BAYREUTH, on the main railway line from Nürnberg to Hof, is a town of 35,000 inhabitants; it was formerly the residence of the Margraves of Bayreuth, and is beautifully situated amid woodland surroundings. It has a number of splendid Baroque buildings and an interesting old castle dating from the fifteenth century, which is remarkable for a portrait medallion frieze surmounting the windows of the ground floor. The new town hall was the former residence of the Dukes of Württemberg. It is in Roman Baroque style. A copy of Rubens' celebrated 'The Descent from the Cross' adorns the well of the staircase. The Opera House was built between 1745 and 1748 according to the designs of Joseph St. Pierre; the sumptuously decorated interior in Italian Baroque style is the work of Carlo Bibiena.

The new castle with the Markgrafen Fountain and the Hofgarten is particularly interesting. It contains the Castle Museum, the Glasenapp Memorial Room,

dedicated to the memory of G. F. Glasenapp—Wagner's biographer; there is also the historic Richard Wagner room with the master's piano, the picture gallery and the Natural History collection.

In the Friedrichstrasse, with picturesque houses formerly belonging to the old aristocracy, we find a statue erected to the poet, Jean Paul Richter, known as Jean Paul. The Ermitage, with its palaces and park-like gardens on the summit of a wooded hill, was once the summer residence of Friederike Wilhelmine, the sister of Frederick the Great. The pretty fountains play twice daily. Schloss Fantasie, near Dondorf, is a prettily situated country seat.

I assume that no one who visits Bayreuth, where really every stone breathes the spirit of music, will want to leave the town without making a pilgrimage to the grave of Liszt, who lies buried in the Municipal Cemetery in the Erlangerstrasse.

The Villa Wahnfried, in the Richard Wagner Strasse, was first a kind of refuge, but later on the residence of the master. Wagner's widow and his son Siegfried and family live there permanently. Richard Wagner is buried in the park surrounding the villa.

Within two hours of your entering Bayreuth you will have the same impression as I had and which has never left me—that this place is so closely bound up with associations of Richard Wagner, the great composer and poet, that you can feel his presence hovering in every corner of the town where he spent his last years.

From Vienna, where everything seemed to go against him, he went first to Switzerland and subsequently to Munich. Although his life for nineteen months in Munich was the exact contrary to the years in Vienna, it was a tragic time for him. He was not then in financial distress, yet for a spirit like Wagner's, his artistic cravings only increased; his delight was not in having, but in giving, and the 'little luxury' he required, was, he considered, owing to him by the world. If one took away from him the worry for his daily bread, and gave him 'the little luxury', he only knew one yearning: to give the world what he thought he owed to it—his whole artistic self. In King Ludwig II he found a twin soul. He accomplished great things in Munich, and it was a heavy blow when his enemies succeeded in persuading the King to request him to leave Munich.

Some have tried to give a wrong interpretation of the wonderful friendship between the King and Richard Wagner, but the King proved his sincerity and devotion to Wagner by his unflinching faith and readiness for any sacrifice. From 1866 to 1872 Wagner lived in Triebschen; there he composed the greater part of the *Meistersinger*, and completed it. He also finished *Siegfried* and composed nearly the whole of the *Götterdämmerung*. The idyllic stay in Triebschen was cut short by the Franco-German War; he considered himself called upon to devote the rest of his life to the revival of German art, and with the Festival idea in his mind he left for Bayreuth.

In the books about Wagner we find a definite account about the first appearance of the Festival idea.

To make an accurate statement as to the exact date is, however, as superfluous as it is impossible. We find only that Wagner continues to implore the theatrical directors to reduce the number of their performances, because a bad performance is a crime against art and at the same time corrupts the taste of the public.

This idea we find strongly pronounced in his 'Practical advice as to the plan of an organization of the German National Theatre', written as early as 1848. In 1850 he replied to a request by the manager of the Hof Theatre, to cut *Lohengrin* in order to make it 'more easy' for the public. 'If you want to educate the public, you must first bring it up to strength, and drive out slackness. Induce it to use the theatre not as an amusement, but as a place of concentration.' He further points out that the Greeks sat from midday until the late night to see a performance of the trilogies, and they were surely nothing more than human beings. Wagner states that 'the public of our theatres has no yearning for works of art, but wants to be amused, and to such individuals mere artistic details suffice, but the artistic unity is not essential'. His main idea was that the public should unanimously agree with him—'Better no theatre, than a bad one.'[1]

This conception of the purpose of the theatre, this conviction regarding the means of assisting the theatre to its true dignity, formed the ground from which originated the Festival idea. This was linked up with

[1] From Wagner's speech at St. Gallen, 1856 (Allgemeine Musikleiting, 1886).

the composition of the *Ring der Nibelungen*. When the master was composing this work, it was clear to him that he could not count on producing it in an ordinary theatre. Right from the beginning this work was to him something holy; he did not want to have to go about submitting it to theatres for acceptance. He wrote to Liszt: 'I would not like, even in thought, to soil the *Ring der Nibelungen* with Jewish bargaining; I would like to keep it quite clean in this respect. Therefore the cycle was intended only for special Festivals. In this connection he wrote to his friend, Choir-Director Fischer, in 1855: 'I am not thinking of a theatre already in existence, because I do not wish works like my new one to be given between two performances of *Martha*, or *The Prophet*. The costs of this Festival would have to be found in a different way; neither the author nor the actors must derive material benefit from it, and all true friends of art should have free admittance.'

At about the same period he wrote to his friend Uhlig: 'If I could dispose of 10,000 Thaler, I would do the following: Here in Zürich, where I am at the moment and where things are not so bad, I would build a theatre of boards and beams on a large space outside the town, and would fit it out with the scenery and the machinery required for a performance of *Siegfried*. Then I would select the most suitable singers and invite them for six weeks to Zürich. I would also invite my orchestra and then send invitations through the Press to all friends of the musical Drama; whosoever accepts this invitation and comes to Zürich for this purpose only, should be accorded

free entrance. I would have three performances of *Siegfried* in one week, and after the third, the theatre would be demolished and the score burnt. To the people who enjoyed it, I would say, " Now do the same." If they want to hear some new work from me, I would say, " Now try and raise the money." Now, I know you think I am mad, but I can assure you to achieve this is the only hope of my life and the only prospect that can stimulate me to go on giving my best.'

This is the Festival idea as Wagner had it in his mind and which later on, after a thousand compromises, came to life.

The first time Wagner made his intentions public was in December, 1851. Generally the public puts far too little importance on the placing of the orchestra; for many people the Bayreuth Festival House is only an ordinary theatre with a sunk and covered orchestra, whereas, on the contrary, the solution of this problem which had always worried the great artists is only a further example of Wagner's zeal.

The Florentines in the seventeenth century had already arranged their orchestras behind the scenes. Gretry, the eminent French composer, gives in his ' Plans for a New Theatre ' a description of a building which was the forerunner and is similar in almost every detail to the Bayreuth House. In his plans he demands that the orchestra must be covered, and the audience must see neither the musicians nor the lights on the music stands. This was carried out by Wagner, and not only did he cover the orchestra

and push the scene as far as possible towards the spectators, but he achieved his object of merging the orchestral and vocal parts into one melodious unison of sound, an effect which you will not find in any other theatre in the world.

The laying of the foundation-stone of the Bayreuth Festival House took place on the 22nd May, 1872. Artists from all parts of Germany had flocked in thousands to Bayreuth, and under the stone Wagner placed the following verse:

> 'Hier schliess ich ein Geheimnis ein,
> Da ruh' es viele Jahr',
> So lange es verwahrt der Stein,
> Macht es der Welt sich offenbar.'

On the same evening Beethoven's *Wunder Symphony* was given as it will never be played again; the greatest artists of Germany took part and the solos were sung by the best singers in the world. Under these auspices the laying of the foundation-stone was celebrated.

What created the greatest difficulty in the completion of the Festival House and the production of the Festivals was the principle, from which the master would not depart, that only a certain set of people should participate in the scheme. He wished to prevent it from becoming an enterprise for the purpose of making money, and he thought that it would be sufficient to get a thousand people together, who would contribute the sum of 300 Thaler each and take up shares. But after two years had elapsed only two hundred shares in all had been paid for. The Khedive of Egypt, who sent 10,000 marks, was by

far the most generous donor and supporter of the German Festivals.

A company called 'Wagneriana' was formed in Berlin in 1873 and offered Wagner a million marks if he would transfer the Festivals to Berlin. Two hundred and twenty thousand Thaler had been subscribed in a short space of time—more than double what had been collected laboriously in the course of two years for Bayreuth. With similar enticing offers London and Chicago approached Wagner, but he would not be tempted. In January, 1874, Wagner had to admit to himself that his enterprise had failed. Fortunately his friends succeeded in preventing him from rash publication of the position. Meanwhile, help had arrived from the only source from which Wagner ever had substantial aid. When the foundation-stone was laid, King Ludwig II of Bavaria had sent a telegram full of enthusiasm and encouragement to Wagner; now, in order that building operations should not suffer any interruption, he granted an advance from his private purse. The example of King Ludwig awakened interest in other people, and within a short time it was possible to complete the edifice.

From July 1st to August 12th, 1875, rehearsals had been taking place, and on August 1st the orchestra sounded for the first time from the mysterious abyss underneath.

In 1876 all the artists engaged had to sign contracts for three months. The rehearsals began in June and lasted until August 9th. The three performances of the cycle actually took place between the 13th

and 30th August. The enthusiasm grew from one rehearsal to the other, and we may consider the dress rehearsal in the presence of King Ludwig II (or as Wagner called him, his ' Collaborator ') and all the many music-lovers of Germany, as the real Festival. That is what Wagner used to say. He was loath to admit anybody but ' ourselves ' (by whom he meant only those who were seriously devoted to German art). Amongst the large crowd who assisted the first performance his enemies had smuggled in some Press representatives, who otherwise would have been excluded.

The German Press had always, through the difficult years of the building and the preparation of Bayreuth, tried to harm Wagner either by ridiculing him or by maintaining complete silence about his work. Some of the gentlemen present at the opening of the Festspiel House at Bayreuth were the same who had helped to bring about the disaster of the *Tannhäuser* performance in Paris in 1871. They succeeded by their articles in scaring the people away, and the performances of the next two or three years brought about the considerable deficit. Wagner was forced to sell his masterpiece—the *Ring der Nibelungen*—which he had thought to produce exclusively at Bayreuth to a theatrical agent with costumes, scenery and everything as it stood.

As a consequence of having to give up the best work of his life to mediocre performances in other Opera Houses, Wagner lost every hope of realizing his ambition, that the *Ring der Nibelungen* should never be heard outside the Bayreuth Festival House. A

further sequel was that the Festivals were suspended from 1877 to 1881. Consequently those five years were utterly wasted. Wagner's health failed and forced him to spend several winters in Italy. He had, however, one compensation for all the disappointments suffered, i.e., the production of *Parsifal* which took place when the Festivals were recommenced in summer 1882.

The victory of Wagner's work on most of the stages of the world and the fact that the *Ring der Nibelungen* (which had been described by the Press as a monstrosity) had gone in triumph through the whole of Europe, had altered the tendency, and the Press began to change their tactics. But the master did not live to see the turning point. He died on the eve of the triumph of Bayreuth.

Anyone who can grasp the crisis caused by the death of Wagner in Bayreuth, and can imagine what it meant to carry on the Festivals for the following six years, will be full of admiration for the man who accomplished this—Adolf von Gross. Even before he was officially placed on the Board of Directors, this man deserved the greatest praise in connexion with the financial administration of the enterprise, but after Wagner's death he became the sole administrator. Wagner's widow, 'Frau Cosima', deserves equal praise for the way in which she prevented the decline of her husband's artistic inheritance, and in her hands it prospered to a splendour which was never foreseen; but it must by no means be overlooked that this would have been impossible without the assistance of Adolf von

Gross. He was fully aware of his high calling, and devoted his whole life and energy to the Festival idea of Richard Wagner.

Another man who helped a great deal to carry out the Wagner traditions was Emil Heckel, the founder of the first ' Wagner Verein '. Thanks to his activities such ' unions ' were formed in many German and other Central European towns, and although they may not, in proportion, have done very much towards the furtherance of the Wagner Festivals, this was not the fault of Heckel's untiring endeavours. Everywhere he encountered absolute indifference. The Press sneered at him, as might have been expected. One must not underestimate the utility of these Wagner unions; they served their purpose, which was to keep interest and understanding alive.

What I have stated about Heckel can also be said of the German artists who identified themselves from beginning to end with the Wagner cause, and they deserve to participate in his glory. One must not forget that these artists were faced with quite new, very difficult and tiring tasks, so they had to work very hard to master their parts, and Wagner was by no means easy to please—on the contrary he demanded superhuman achievements; neither must one forget that the remuneration which Bayreuth offered them was never more than a mere maintenance and held out no monetary attractions. Another important part of their sacrifice is that they incurred the animosity of the Press, on the support of which artists are in a high degree dependent. In their hearts something like the flame of Prometheus burned—that fire of

enthusiasm and self-sacrifice which in these days seems to have been so thoroughly quenched.

During Wagner's life only the *Ring* and *Parsifal* were performed at the Festivals, but after his death *Tristan and Isolde*, the *Meistersinger*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and also the *Flying Dutchman* were produced. The last three operas in particular came as a revelation on the stage of Bayreuth. Wagner had often declared that he had never seen them, as he had imagined them, because always and everywhere the ' drama ' had been cut out as superfluous. The great popularity of his operas was based on a misunderstanding, or rather on a lack of understanding of his original intentions.

In Bayreuth the drama was worked out in so plastic a manner that one could realize for the first time how the poet, and not the composer, had planned his libretti.

This describes in a few words what Bayreuth has done since the passing of its immortal creator; this is how his bequest has been administered.

I remember one name, which I cannot pronounce without deep emotion—Siegfried Wagner. Wagner said of his son: ' A wonderfully strong and healthy son, whom I can name ' The Bold Siegfried ', and who is now growing up with my work and gives me a new and long life.' These words were at the time somewhat prophetic. For years Siegfried Wagner has worked as conductor and stage-manager in connexion with the Festivals. It is well known in what a short space of time his extraordinary gift for conductorship has acquired an international reputa-

tion, also the leading musicians are well aware in how many directions his marked artistic talents are manifest. If one appreciates how firm and at the same time how unsophisticated his character is, how mature his judgment, how fully conscious he is of the high aim for which he is striving, one can almost see the prophecy in his father's words fulfilled. Siegfried Wagner grew up with the work of Bayreuth, and now it will prosper and give Germany's great poet and sublime musician new and long life.

The building where the Festivals take place, generally in July and August, will probably strike you as being very unpretentious and plain, after the many beautiful buildings you have seen as homes of art in Bavaria, and you may feel disappointed to find the perfection of German art contained in such a modest shell. But if you have read the foregoing, you will realize how difficult it was to provide a shelter for the housing of the Bayreuth Festivals.

CHAPTER XVII

THE BAVARIAN MOUNTAINS

Hints for Alpinists—From Bichl to Mittenwald over the mountains—Mittenwald and its excursions—From Mittenwald to Garmisch-Partenkirchen—The Zugspitze—Oberstdorf and its surrounding valleys.

NOW I am going to take you right away from towns, buildings, hotels, away from ordinary surroundings to the glory of the mountains. I want you to come and see the beauty of Bavaria from an elevated position. You must leave your luggage in some hotel or inn and take only a rucksack with the most necessary articles. You must be free to spend a night or two in a hut, as we are going to arrange our rambles and climbs so as to be independent.

When I say necessary articles, I mean it. If you do not take the word ' necessary ' in its literal sense, you will be very annoyed and sigh: ' Why did I not leave this and that behind.' You will feel every extra ounce like a ton, when you have to carry it.

I do not wish to scare you, but believe me it is an experience for which I have paid by discomfort and expenditure of energy. It is astonishing how

little one wants, once one is away from the conventions of the valley. A change of underwear, an extra pair of stockings, a pair of slippers, brush, comb and soap, perhaps a light mackintosh and your camera. That is all you will require—if you follow my advice.

Naturally, if we make very long tours or difficult ascents, our outfit will have to be a little more elaborate, but in such cases we shall have a porter apart from our guide, and it will then be the poor man who will ask himself at every step why ' Alpinists ' born and bred in the plains must have so much luggage. As he will have the function of a packhorse, perhaps he will have its endurance and patience. Still, I remember quite well how my conscience used to prick me in my early mountaineering days, when I watched a porter plodding along under a heavy burden and I knew I might have left one or the other weighty article behind. Now I always carry my own pack, and therefore am most particular to limit the weight.

You must also leave vanity behind in the valley and have a pair of comfortable, strong, nailed boots, even if, looking down upon your feet, you doubt whether they are your own. Shoes are no good, they do not give sufficient support to your ankles, and there is nothing more annoying than to have to stop every few minutes to take the stones out of one's shoes. A pair of thick socks, the thicker the better, as they will act like a carpet and prevent blisters; breeches or shorts, for the ladies as well as for the men; a coat preferably of Burberry which is light and water and windproof; a hat for those who are used to wearing

WETTERSTEIN—A PORTION OF THE BAVARIAN ALPS

one; and a good walking-stick—that is all one needs in the way of clothes.

But I nearly forgot a very important thing, and that is smoked glasses. It is no use saying: 'The sun never affects my eyes.' It will, when it shines on ice and snow, and the reflex will temporarily blind you unless you have protection.

All that matters now is a steady pace, and you will be surprised how easy it really is to climb 5,000 feet in a day and be rewarded in the end with a magnificent view and the pure vigorous air on the summit.

We shall naturally not start with one of the difficult peaks where Alpinistic experience is required from every member of the party. As we go along, we may as well consider the same mountain from a ski-ing point, which may be very useful for those amongst us who would like to spend a winter holiday in the Bavarian Alps.

I think as a first centre for excursions in the upper regions we cannot do better than to choose Bichl. The mountains round there are easy, and we can proceed on foot as far as Mittenwald, by crossing passes and making easy traverses without much exertion. This will give us a splendid training for greater things. Let us start early in the morning, say 6.30, and follow the red signs through the woods to the Kohlstatt Alm (3,000 feet). Even if we walk very slowly, we reach this Alm in an hour and a half. The way is going uphill all the time, but is very cleverly mapped out so that you will hardly realize that you have climbed nearly 2,500 feet in such

a short space of time. A little farther, but not much higher, is the Eibelsfleck Alm, and in another hour from there, we reach the Tutzinger Hütte, where we put up for the night. We shall probably find a few tourists there who intend climbing the Zwiesel, a steep and rather rocky mountain with a beautiful view over the Tauernalps.

I have very casually mentioned the word " Alm " and had better explain what it means, because we shall encounter it often. In summer all peasant farmers in mountainous countries like Switzerland, the Tyrol and Bavaria, drive their cattle to the meadows on the mountain slopes, because the grass in the plain is needed for making hay for the winter and therefore cannot be used for pasture. On the other hand, transportation of a crop of hay grown on the steep slopes involves too much labour. Thus from the middle of May until about the middle of September we shall find all farms in the valley deserted, and encounter cattle high up in the mountains, where we may be surprised to see a clumsy cow behaving as sure-footedly as a chamois. Generally the head dairy-maid, a farm-hand and perhaps two or three youngsters, take up their residence on the Alm and help with the milking and the making of butter and cheese. Twice a week the boys have to take the produce down to the valley and return with the provisions.

These Alms are most useful to the tourist, as one can always get a glass of rich milk, a most cooling and refreshing drink after a few hours' march.

As this is our first experience in the Alps, we shall not attempt to climb the Zwiesel, although it is not

really very difficult, but we had better descend to Kochel via the Glaswandscharte to the Staffel Alm and Kocheler Alm. The whole descent would take about two and a half to three hours, and we can spend the night in one of the good hotels in Kochel.

Our next excursion will be the Herzogstand, which is also one of the easy mountains, and it will take us about two and three-quarter hours from Uhrfeld on the Walchensee, not far from Kochel. The path leads in turnings to the Schlehdorfer Alpe and in further forty minutes to the Herzogstand Alpe. From there we reach the Herzogstand Häuser in half an hour. These houses belong to the Alpine Club in Munich, and are much frequented in summer. The summit is a further half-hour uphill, and the view is perfectly gorgeous. The Kochelsee and the Walchensee both glitter in the valley, and several other lakes can be seen in the distance, with the whole mountain range of the Tauern. We can spend a night in the hut or go up either the Martinskopf (4,800 feet) or via the Fahrenbergkopf to the Heimgarten (5,100 feet), but for the latter ascent one must be free from vertigo, as one has to cross a long ridge with a steep precipice on either side.

A day's rest in Kochel will do us no harm, especially as we can spend the morning bathing in the lake, and can go in the afternoon up to the Windhütte on the Aspenstein, only half an hour's walk from the station.

The road to Mittenwald, which I intend making our next base for mountain trips, leads along the western shore of the lake to Dorf Walchensee, and I think it would be a pity to miss this walk—although,

of course, we could take a carriage. From the latter place, which is a picturesque village in a bay of the Walchensee, we can proceed over the Katzenkopf (2,400 feet) to Obernach, where we find an inn at the entrance to the lonely Fichtental. This valley is absolutely off the beaten track, there is no railway, no motor-buses, perhaps we may meet a private car or a cyclist, but I think it is one of the most romantic valleys of Bavaria, and by passing it on foot we can take in every detail of its rural beauty. On the right side we can see the small Schmalzersee and farther along the Sachensee, which is dried up. Near Wallgau the broad valley of the Isar opens up before us, offering a matchless view on the Alps in the background.

We can put up for the night at Krünn, a small village with rather primitive inns, but as we can conquer a mountain of considerable height on the following day without the assistance of a guide, I am sure you will not mind roughing it for once. This mountain is the Schöttelkarspitze (over 6,000 feet), and it will take us about six hours to get to the top, but the way is so easy and beautiful that we shall hardly realize its length. We cross the Isar near the gamekeeper's house and ascend a fairly wide path to the Fischbach Alm, where we can rest and take some refreshments. From here we join the path leading from Vorderriess and ascend to the Soiernhaus, now a hut of the Alpine Club, but formerly a shooting box belonging to the Bavarian Kings. The position of this hut is ideal, as it lies on a plateau above the two Soiern lakes, enclosed by woods and high mountains,

A TYPICAL BAVARIAN HOUSE IN MITTENWALD

and is miles from the hubbub of civilization. The summit is only one and a quarter hours from the hut, but I propose to reserve this for the next morning. It is wonderful to see the early mists gradually lifting from the mountain peaks after sunrise.

As we are by and by getting into our stride, we can venture climbing the mountains in the environs of Mittenwald, which is about twenty-four miles from our last station, Krünn. Although the road is very beautiful, I think it wiser to save up our strength and take a carriage. As you know, Mittenwald is already quite close to the Austrian border, and we shall therefore have occasion to see something of the Tyrolese Alps. A tour of inspection round the village will reveal many interesting things. I only mention the beautiful and well preserved frescoes on some of the peasant houses, and want you to go and have a look at the house No. 229, which has a magnificent painting of 'The Flight to Egypt' just under the steep gable. I presume the reason for the good preservation of these paintings is the projecting roof which all the peasant houses have.

We shall certainly pay our first visit to the Lautersee by taking the little alley opposite the Hôtel Post, and walk up to the lake through the Laintal, 300 feet above Mittenwald. I am afraid that my vocabulary is letting me down badly just now when I want to give you a description of this little lake. It is impossible to find words which could give an idea of its beauty. It lies surrounded by dark pine woods, with the high walls of the Karwendel Mountains and the Wettersteingebirge in the background. Every

minute detail of the scenery is reflected in the glittering waters of the lake. Perhaps you can imagine what a wonderful skating-rink this is in winter. The slopes in the vicinity are splendid for ski-ing, and you will find that one of them has been selected for the big jumping hill, where the competitions take place.

The lonely Ferchensee is farther along on the foot of the Wetterstein, and there is a remarkable echo from the various points on its shores. From the Kranzberg (nearly 4,000 feet) we have a perfect view on the Wetterstein, Karwendel Mountains and the mountains near Innsbruck. We must also visit the Leutasch Gorge near the bridge over the Isar. A beautiful path leads along the right bank to Scharnitz over meadows to the Gerberhaus, and from there through the Lindlahn Gorge, passing the Sulzleck Gorge to the Leitersteig. From here it is not far to the Karwendelhütte and the Brunnsteinspitze, an easy climb of one and a half hours to the top.

The Karwendelhütte is a most useful hut, and belongs to Alpine Club Munich. It is the base for the following peaks: Birkkaarspitze (8,300 feet), the highest point in the Karwendel Group, the Schlauchkaarsattel with the Birkkaarhut, the Ödkaarspitzen, the Vogelkaarspitzen and the Östliche Karwendelspitze, all about 8,000 feet. These are not to be attempted without guides.

I think I had better arrange the walks, tours and climbs in and round Mittenwald into four categories; this will save us a disappointment when we arrive and suddenly learn that a certain excursion we intended

making and thought to be an easy one is beyond our physical endurance.

I shall, of course, not enumerate the short walks in a special class. These can easily be found from the large map which hangs in the hall of every hotel. Half-day trips will form the first group: Klais, Krünn, Wallgau, Barmsee, Kofeltäler, Ferchensee, Elmau, Leutasch and Scharnitz. Short mountain excursions where a guide is useful but not essential: Franzosensteig, Grünkopf, Kranzberg, Kälberalpe, Hochlandhütte, Mittenwalderhütte, Leitersteig. The following are of the same type as the foregoing, but require more time and in some cases necessitate spending a night in one of the huts, which I mention in brackets: Vereinsalm (Grossherzog Adolf Haus), Karwendeltal (Karwendelhaus), Engtal-Vorder and Hinterreiss-Hinterau Tal (Hallangerhaus), Schöttelkar and Soiernspitzen (Fischbach Alm), Brunnsteinspitze, Schachen, Grasseck, Oberleutasch, Gleirschtal, Seefeld, Mösern, Tilfus Alm, Walchen and Kochelsee, Herzogstand, Reitherspitze (Nördlingerhütte) and the Solsteinhaus. The huts are all open to visitors, but members of the Alpine Club of Munich have preference in case of a rush for beds, so it may be well to join the Club for the season. The last section consists of the difficult ascents for experienced climbers, and under no circumstances should an ascent be attempted without a reliable guide, who, by the way, have all first to win their diploma before they are allowed to become guides, and the tests are very difficult. These are the Karwendelspitze, Arnspitzen, Viererspitze, Dreitorspitze, Lindenkopf, Tiefkarspitze, Wettersteinspitzen

(there are several points of the same mountain), Öfelekopf, Wörner, Grosser and Kleiner Solstein. I am leaving out the Zugspitze, because this ascent can be made by railway from another place. From the above you will see what a great variety of excursions Mittenwald offers, and that it is by far the best centre for mountain trips in Bavaria.

I have several times mentioned the Zugspitze and propose to take you there now. It is the highest peak of the Bavarian Alps, and at the same time the highest mountain in Germany. There are several ways that lead to the summit of this giant, and you will be able to select the one that appeals most to you. We can, for instance, start on foot from Mittenwald and walk via Klais to Elmau, and so have an opportunity to bid farewell to the Lautersee. Elmau has a good inn where we can stay. The castle of Elmau has been converted by Dr. Johannes Müller, the well-known writer, into a boarding-house, and is a rendezvous of German high-brows. I do not think that it would appeal to us simple wayfarers on this occasion. From Elmau we mount about fifteen minutes to the woods, and crossing the Ferchenbach, we arrive after forty minutes at Hinter Graseck. A little farther on is the Forsthaus Vorder Graseck, where we can spend the night, although we are really quite close to Garmisch-Partenkirchen, and the way should be beautiful in the dusk of a summer evening. In case we have decided to ascend the Zugspitze *per pedes* we need not touch Garmisch-Partenkirchen, but can branch off from Elmau, via the Königsweg, past the Wetterstein Alp, with a wonderful view on the Alpspitze and the

FRÜHLINGSTRASSE, GARMISCH

A DAIRYMAID IN GALA COSTUME

Hochblassen, to the Schachenalm. You will be surprised to find a little castle here, for, after all, we are in an altitude of 4,200 feet. It was built by King Ludwig II in 1871, and even here in the solitude of the mountains he did not refrain from creating something extraordinary by having one of the rooms adapted as a mauresque hall. However, we need not take any notice. We can spend the night at the Schachenhaus almost next to the castle, from where we proceed to the Hinterreintal and join the path leading from the Blockhütte to the Zugspitze.

Although I am generally antagonistic to mountain trips by rail, I make an exception in the case of the Zugspitze. Therefore we can take the motor-bus from Partenkirchen to Ehrwald, on the line to Reutte in the Tyrol, and must therefore pass a couple of hours in Austrian territory. The funicular railway, which has been started on the Bavarian side, has not yet been finished. The summit of the Zugspitze, however, is in Bavaria; as one can make this excursion in one day from Munich and return there, and the altitude we shall reach being 9,100 feet, you can imagine that the railway does not take very long to cover the distance. As a matter of fact from the valley station it only takes one hour and twenty minutes to reach the terminus, which is 450 feet below the Münchnerhütte, where sleeping accommodation is provided for forty people. I can only warn you to avoid spending a night there; it is always crowded out with very noisy people, a sort of Blackpool or Margate on the rocks, and as to seeing the sun rise from this Bavarian Rigi, this is a doubtful pleasure.

Generally it is either clouded or misty in the morning, and I remember my disappointment when I spent three nights on the Rigi waiting for the sun. The first two mornings it was nowhere to be seen, and the third morning I was told by the maid at 8 a.m. that there had been a gorgeous sunrise, only the porter had forgotten to call the people.

The view from the Zugspitze in full daylight is overwhelming enough. You can see the whole of the Bavarian mountain ranges as well as most of the Tyrolese peaks, and a beautiful panorama of lakes is spread beneath your feet. There are, of course, various ways to get to the summit for those who would like to face a pretty stiff and, in some places, really dangerous climb. It takes five and a half hours to get to the Angerhütte where one has to spend the first night, a further three hours to the Knorrhütte, and from there three hours to the Münchnerhaus below the summit.

There is a shorter ascent from Eibsee via the Wiener Neustätterhütte over the Ehrwaldersteig, but this is very steep and really only advisable for the experts. Another way leads from Mittenwald, but I am told it is very dangerous and does not compensate one for the effort.

If we descend into the valley by train we shall have to get back to Ehrwald, and in order to proceed to our next centre and get back to the Bavarian border, we take the train to Reutte, from where we can go by motor-bus to Sonthofen and change into the train for Oberstdorf, which is in the extreme southern corner of Bavaria and in the heart of the Allgäuer Alps. It

is surrounded by high mountains of an average height of 6,000 to 7,000 feet, and offers no end of beautiful excursions in its environs. Oberstdorf lies in the basin of a dried-up lake, and half an hour from the place itself two rivers join the Iller, the Stillach and the Breitach. The valleys in which their sources originate are the renowned Spielmannsau, Birgsau and the Walsertal, where we shall find lonely mountain-lakes, waterfalls, gorges enough to keep us busy for many days. The highest peak near Oberstdorf is the Mädelegabel (7,900 feet), and the ascent from the Waltenbergerhaus via the Kemptnerhütte is not very difficult for the experienced climber. The Heilbronner Weg, which has been laid out by the Alpine Club Heilbronn, leads to the main crest from the Rappenseehütte to the Waltenbergerhaus, from where you can ascend the Hohe Licht and the Mädelegabel, obviously not without a guide, as we are now in very difficult terrain.

The Rappenseehütte has been built in an ideal spot, as it is the starting-point for numerous climbs, one surpassing the other in beauty and variety of Alpine technic. You can ascend from there the Linkerskopf, Rotgrundspitze, Grosse Steinscharte, Hochgrundspitze, Rappenseekopf, Hochrappenkopf. The larger of the two Rappen lakes is ten minutes farther south, and is one of the highest Alpine lakes in Central Europe. The Hohe Licht (7,956 feet), which is already in Austrian territory, is not at all difficult to ascend and can be combined with the Heilbronner Weg. The view from the summit is gorgeous. But it is not for the high peaks that I have insisted on your coming

to Oberstdorf with me; it is principally for the wonderful walks in the close proximity of the place.

The Freibergsee, for instance, is only one hour's walk from Oberstdorf, past St. Loretto, the chapel of pilgrimage just outside the village. It is a very charming lake surrounded by dark green woods and the high mountains in the background. We can return by its west shore via Schwand, whence we have a wonderful view through the valley with the Mädelegabel in the centre.

Bad Tiefenbach is on the road to Langenwang, and is reached by a path through the meadows and farther along the rivulet which provides the power for the large saw-mill. From this saw-mill a way branches off and leads over the Starzlachbrücke to the Breitenbachklamm. The gorge is very narrow, and the water rushing down the rocky walls splashes, so that it is advisable to take a mackintosh, otherwise one gets drenched. At the end of the gorge is a waterfall over 40 feet high.

The best excursion to my mind is into the Spielmannsau (which is also called the Trettachtal), through the valley in a south-eastern direction from St. Loretto. The way leads along the Birgsauerstrasse and branches off over the slopes of the Himmelsruecken to a pine tree which is visible from a long distance and where it is joined by the shaded path from Moorbad. After a further ten minutes' walk we arrive at the beginning of the Spielmannsau and at a parting of ways. The footpath leads from the Mühlbrücke on either shore of the Trettach and then across the little bridge to the Oytal. Gruben

is a picturesque little place in this valley, and we can have some refreshments in the wayside inn and admire the view of the Trettachspitze, the Hammerspitz Group. From Gruben we proceed to the Zwingbrücke, which we cross, and after passing the Höllentobel we arrive at Gottenried, opposite the Christlesee, a small dark blue lake an hour and a half from Oberstdorf. We continue our way across the Traufbach, and in fifteen minutes we are in Spielmannsau, which is one of the loveliest places in the Bavarian Alps, with a perfect view of the Trettachspitze and its deep chasms and ravines and the lonely valley of the Trettachtal in its rocky wildness. From here the way starts to the Kemptnerhütte, which we can use as a base for traverses and climbs in the regions of the Grosser Krottenkopf and the Mädelegabel.

The Oytal is a valley branching off the Trettachtal. It takes one and a half hours to reach the Stuibenfall, which has cut its way through the rocky walls and thunders down the mountain-side. Immediately after passing the Oybachbrücke, we can take the path on the left, and gradually wind our way up to the Oybachanlagen on the left of the road, which is now wide enough to permit a horse and carriage to pass through and leads over some meadows to the Oytalhaus (3,000 feet) at the end of the road. From here the valley turns into a south-eastern direction, and from the wooden bridge we have a splendid view of the whole mountain panorama with the Schneck, Himmeleck, the Wilden, the Höllhörner and the Seilhenker, which looks like a tooth of rock. The ascent of all these mountains is rather difficult and

impossible for the inexperienced. They require a thorough knowledge of rock climbing, which can only be obtained by practice, and experiments in such altitudes seem rather risky.

You will agree with me at the end of our stay in the mountains that we could not have spent our time in a more interesting way. The memory of the beauty which the Bavarian Alps have offered us in such abundance will live in us for ever.

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